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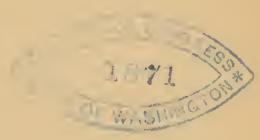
CALVARY—VIRGINIA

TRAGEDIES

BY

LAUGHTON OSBORN



NEW YORK
DOOLADY: BROOME-STREET
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JOHN F. TROW & CO.,
Printers and Stereotypers.

By an error of the presswork, the list of "Characters" in *Calvary* is put upon the back of the "Notice," instead of facing the first page of the Tragedy.

The Publisher greatly regrets this blemish of an otherwise admirably printed work; but the book was nearly through the hands of the binder before it was discovered.

The error will be easily rectified in a subsequent edition.

NOTICE

The two pieces here presented are the first of a series of nineteen, which, with the exception of two, are now completed and ready for the press; namely:

Calvary; Virginia; Bianca Capello; Ugo da Este; Uberto; The Last Mandeville; Matilda of Denmark; Meleager; Palamedes; Œnone; Pyrrhus, Son of Achilles; Don Sancho Ortiz. Tragedies.

The Silver Head; The Double Deceit; The Montanini; The Magnetizer; The Prodigal; The Double-dealer; The Dead Alive. Comedies.

The next to be published will be *The Silver Head* and *The Double Deceit:* Comedies.

CHARACTERS

Primary

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

RAPHAEL, MICHAEL, } *Archangels.*

CAIAPHAS, *High-Priest.*
PONTIUS PILATUS, *Procurator of Judea.*
NICODEMUS, JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA, } *Of the Sanhedrim.*
JUDAS ISCARIOT.

LUCIFER.
BEELZEBUB.

MARY, *Mother of Jesus.*
MARY MAGDALENE.
MARTHA.

CHORUS OF ANGELS. — CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Secondary

A CENTURION.
SIMON PETER, JOHN, } *Disciples of Jesus.*
AN ELDER.
A SCRIBE.
Three WITNESSES.
Certain of the PEOPLE.

A SUB-CENTURION. — MALCHUS, *Servant of the High-Priest.*

Mute Persons

JAMES, *Disciple of Jesus.*
Members of the Sanhedrim. Officers in attendance. Soldiers of the Guard. Lictors. Servants. People.

CALVARY

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CALVARY

Act the First

Scene I. Heaven.

Raphael. Michael. Chorus of Angels.

Raph. Deep gloom is over Heaven; the Seraphim
Have veil'd their glowing eyes.
Their song of praise, that wont to rise
In gratitude and joy of heart to Him,
In sorrow now and awful reverence dies.
Mich. The ever-burning lights around the Throne,
No longer whirling their concentric fires,
Grow fix'd and languid-pale:
The flame within, till now that changeless shone,
Whose blaze not even we could gaze upon,
And none approach, no more the vault aspires,
But sinking seems to fail.
Raph. And hark! that voice of more than wail,

That breathes responsive to the plaintive tone
Struck from the golden wires.

Chorus.

The hour of Earth is approaching,
That solemn predestinate time,
When the thankless children of Jacob
Complete their long record of crime;
When the Lord, who from Heaven descended
Adam's forfeit of sin to assume,
His mournful humanity ended,
Shall be laid in a human tomb.

O sorrow of sorrows exceeding,
That our eyes should be destin'd to see
The Son of the Highest stretch'd bleeding
In pain on the infamous tree!
Though the tears, the long anguish are healing,
Though those blood-drops anoint for the skies,
Yet can we behold without feeling
His wounds, hear unecho'd his sighs?

Would, would we might not hear, not see them,
That our hearts were not conscious before
Of those death-throes, or conscious might flee them,
Till the night of this anguish were o'er!
Till, the shadows of death away driven,
And the pathway of Earth no more trod,
The Lord should ascend his own Heaven,
And sit at the right hand of God.

Raph. But for the gloom of night,
The effulgence of their day-star when arisen
Would waken in Earth's children no delight.
When from the tomb's black prison
The Lord in his own nature mounts the skies,
The consciousness of that dread sacrifice
Will make his glory to our tearful eyes
And swelling hearts more bright.
Mich. But oh the interval! to see that sight,
When on the cross the Lord of Heaven dies.

CHORUS — *receding.*

Though the tears, the long anguish are healing,
Though those blood-drops anoint for the skies,
Yet can we behold without feeling
His wounds, hear unecho'd his sighs?

Would, would we might not hear, not see them,
That our hearts were not conscious before
Of those death-throes, or conscious might flee them,
Till the night of this anguish were o'er!
Till, the shadows of death away driven,
And the pathway of Earth no more trod,
The Lord should ascend his own Heaven,
And sit at the right hand of God.

Scene II.

Before the Procurator's Palace, at Jerusalem.

Pontius. Caiaphas.

Pont. I see it not. Is your religion true,
Be this man's doctrine false it mars it not,
If right it aids it. 'Tis your bigot creed.
We Gentiles have a faith more mild and broad:
It persecutes not, and admits all gods.

Caia. Because your gods are creatures of the brain.
Ours is the dread *I AM*, that was and is,
And ever shall be, sole and sempiterne,
As was reveal'd in thunder from the cloud,
'Mid lightnings, when the mountain shook and smok'd,
Where Moses stood on Sinai.

Pont. Thou hast heard,
Our Sabine Numa had his nymph as well,
That taught him without thunder. 'Tis one thing,—
Priestcraft and statecraft join'd, to bind an age
That was not docile and had scouted Truth
In her grand nakedness. I blame it not,
Albeit your great law-maker should have feign'd
The Godhead mightier than to tire so soon
And need a Sabbath. No, the gods of Rome
Are not vain fictions; they but shape us out
The attributes divine, and we who kneel
Do homage to these separate, you in mass.
This Jesus teaches what the wise and good
Have taught in every creed and from all time.

He would in Rome be reverenc'd if a sage,
If a mere sophist laugh'd at and let go
As harmless.

Caia. And a breaker of the laws!

Pont. He bids the people everywhere obey them.

Caia. [*with irritation.*] He is a vile impostor, and pretends
To work out miracles and heal by touch
And word diseases.

Pont. Rather say, he does.
There is a brave centurion, now within,—
Wouldst thou inquire? will tell thee on that point.
By Hercules! he paints me such a scene
That I myself might find it in my heart
To tremble and believe.

Caia. For the belief,
Even as thou wilt; but think whereon thou stand'st,
And tremble, noble Pontius, with a fear
That were more politic and less devout.
Thou hast heard, thou hast seen indeed, and knowest as well,
What an unruly and seditious race
Our people are, still hankering for their kings,
And easily led by all who promise such.
Witness the robber Ezekias' son,
And Simon, who was simply the king's slave,
And the obscure Athronges and his brothers.
Did not this last achieve, and for a time
Actually wield, the power of a king,
And do great damage to the Roman troops?

Pont. But that was when nor king nor ethnarch reign'd.

And with what promptness Varus put him down!

Caia. Because it was tumultuous revolt
And had too many heads. But here is one,
Who works by moral power, and slowly moves,
But surely, onward to a greater aim
With loftier pretensions. Need I warn thee
We are a haughty people, restive ever
Under a foreign yoke?

Pont. By Castor, no!
But I shall make it heavier on their necks,
If the team struggle. 'T is not very long
Since the hid daggers of my faithful men
Made mute their bellow.[1]

Caia. Please thee, hear awhile.
This is no rude pretender, no arm'd brawler,
But a most cunning man, of gentle manners
And of seducing eloquence, who claims
Descent by David from our line of kings,
And to be that Messiah under whom
We are to have our laws again and triumph
Over all our foes.

Pont. If that be over Rome,
Your land must grow, and every Jewish captain
Be multiplied a thousand fold.

Caia. Of yore
We counted not the number when Jehovah
Commanded to the fight. If this false prophet
Persuade the people he is their rightful prince,
How long think'st thou they'd hesitate to strive,
God-driven, as they 'd deem it, to break down

All obstacles that bar him from the throne?
Hast thou forgot the self-call'd Alexander,
Who claim'd to be the son of Herod king?
Flock'd the Jews round him when he came to Rome,
And bore him on a litter through the streets,
Deck'd as beseems a king, there, even there,
In your imperial city.

Pont. Where his robes
Fell from him and the litter bore no more,
And shame succeeded to the popular joy.

Caia. But after plague to Cæsar. As a friend
To thy great master, thou should'st clear his path
From every pebble that may make it rough:
And this is one.

Pont. To pieces break it then:
Crush it, and rid me of the dust. — But, sooth,
Deem'st thou this Jesus dangerous?

Caia. In sooth,
I know not, care not. This alone I know,
The people must be quiet, and one man
May well be made a sacrifice for more.

Pont. True policy, for ruler as for priest.
Do as thou wilt; but when thou hast done all ——
Whence is the victim?

Caia. Where born, meanest thou?
He is a Galilean.

Pont. Send him then
To Antipas for sentence; that the blood
Of his seditious subjects, shed by me,
May no more be betwixt us.[2] So, farewell.

Scene III.

A room in the dwelling of Jesus' Mother.

Jesus. Mary.

Mary. And canst thou speak with calmness, when my heart
Is aching for thee? Jesus, O my son!
Think on thy mother, and avoid the storm
That now is darkening o'er thee, and whose shadow
Makes my blood curdle with the chill of death.
For my sake, O my darling!

Jesus. Shall the palm
Say to the fruit that leaves the parent stem,
Think on thy mother? When its time is come,
It drops from over-ripeness, and the tree
Knows it no more. Deem'st thou the Son of Man
Can flee the hour appointed from all time?
He who is busy with my Father's work
Must not be laggard, and not heed the rain,
Nor howling wind, nor thunder.

Mary. Still thou speakest
As if thou aye wert toiling at the work
Thou dost no more and hast not done for years.
Who is thy father, who thy brethren, son?

Jesus. My Father is the Word that sent me hither,
My brethren are the Children of the Word.—
Let me be gone: behold, the night is deepening,
The hour is nigh when I must watch and pray.
Pray thou too; for the cup that I shall drink
Will leave its dregs for thee.

Mary. Give me it all,
Or let me share it with thee!

Jesus. Thou? my cup?
The ringdove pray'd the eagle, Let me soar
Unto the clouds with thee and share thy nest.
Poor timid wood-bird, yet her tender eyes
Could not endure the sun, nor her soft wings
Sustain her to his eyrie. What I am
Thou canst not be, O woman, nor canst follow
Whither I go. But watch thou here, and pray,
As I shall do where I must watch and wrestle.
And may that bosom, where I once was laid
Quiet and happy, be more calm than mine.

Mary. Stay yet a little. By that happy time
Thou hast thyself remember'd, when these breasts
That now are wither'd fed thee from my blood,
I do adjure thee! Thou hast call'd me Mother
With that sweet voice, although again the tone
That is so stern and lofty, when thou speakest
Those riddles that I dare not try to solve,
Has aw'd and check'd me, — thou hast call'd me Mother.
I am thy mother, Jesus, and my heart
Warms to thee now as when I first beheld thee
After my weary travail; see me now
Embrace thy feet, and pray thee as my god,
For my sake, for thy own!——

Jesus. What is it, mother?
Thy prayer is broken by sobs. So -- let me lift thee.
Thy tears are on my hands. This should not be.
Were I a soldier, and the trump of war

Summon'd to instant fight, thou wouldst not strive,
Even though thy heart were breaking, to detain me.
Why shouldst thou then when now my Father's voice
Calls me to combat demons and to wrestle
In spirit with that weakness of the flesh
Which I must share with all of women born?
To-morrow thou wilt see me once again;
But where, O mother! ——

Enter MARTHA.

Martha, is it thou?
What brings thee to Jerusalem? Art thou come
To give me warning as my mother does,
And strive to shake my purpose?

Martha. Not so, Lord.

Who can do that? But neither, when we pray,
Do we pretend to arrest or modify
The will of the Almighty. Yet the sentry,
Who but obeys, and has no voice in counsel,
Gives warning of new danger to his chief.

Jesus. Thou hast spoken, Martha, loyally and well.
But, in that faith and wisdom, seest thou not
That I should need no warning? Even now
The heart that shall betray me is convuls'd
With its distracting passions, and the hand
Is itching for the silver that shall buy
My body for the cross. It is decreed.

Mary. Mean'st thou this fully? Canst thou still so calmly
Speak what to credit is —— My son! my son!
Kneel with me, Martha! He has love for thee.

Tell him he kills me! Tell him! —— Jesus, son!
Have mercy on me! Save thyself — and me!

Jesus. Thou hearest, Father! Strengthen this weak heart!

Marth. Lord, thou hast fled before, when danger dogg'd thee.
Now, that the hounds are near to lap thy blood,
Why shouldst thou stand at bay?

Jesus. At bay I do not.
I am no deer before the hunters, Martha,
I am the Lamb of Sacrifice. Before,
The altar was not deck'd, the hour not come.
Stay with my mother, Martha, and console her.
Stay, and pray with her. Wait what ye shall hear.
Simon and James and John are coming for me:
Their footsteps sound already nigh the door.
The blessing of my Father be upon you.
Mother, and sister before God, farewell!

Act the Second

Scene I. Hell.

Lucifer. Beelzebub. Chorus of Evil Spirits.

Chorus.

Onward strides the time,
When the Prince of Heaven,
For whose sake down-driven
From the heights sublime
Hitherward we fell,
Shall with human anguish,
Wo divine as well,
For a spell,—
Though the weight decrease not
Of the bootless crime
Crush'd by which we dwell
Here in Hell, —
By his sharp partaking
Lighter make the aching,
Changeless which and fell
Makes us groan and languish,
Ever though we cease not
To rebel.

Flames that circle Hell,
Lift your waves rejoicing,

With your roar loud-voicing
What we feel so well,
O'er the wo of Heaven,
Whence we fell.

Lucif. Near-sighted as ill-fated, why rejoice?
Saw ye as far as I do, your parch'd throats
Would give emission to a direr voice,
More like the wail above than that which floats
Now on Hell's vapor, as your sooty wings,
Confin'd by yon sheer walls and fire-flood moats,
Scour painfully the region not your choice.
I cannot sympathize with those vain cries.

Beelz. Yet hope of vengeance prompts the note each sings
In wo elate,
Knowing the sorrow which decreed by fate,
This hour of Earth, man's crime on Heaven brings.
Ere twice on that small planet which we hate
The star that gilds its meanness shall arise,
The Immortal, who forsook his envy'd state
To bear a mortal's forfeit, dies.

Lucif. Ay, for a race that are not worth the throes
They cost their mothers, shall this son of God,
Whom we refus'd to worship, bear the blows
Of bestial human hands, the servile rod,
And all the filth of contumely man
Heaps in his hate, his envy, or disgust,
On his own fellows, though not worse than he,
Saving, as chance may will it, in degree,
Since all are worthless as their Earth's own dust,—

For these vile reptiles he shall even die,
To give them — them! our immortality!
So be it, if it must.
But I shall thwart the planner and the plan.

Beelz. Even yet?

Lucif. Even yet I trust.
This god, his godborn nature laid aside,
Partook the woman's from whose bowels he sprung
Into that meaner being. Hence have clung
To his dimm'd soul her weaknesses, ally'd
With something of the godhead's fire and pride,
Which flit its duller particles among
Like meteors in Earth's darkness. Thus my power
Already hath the changeling once defy'd.
But now a better hour
Approaches, and again the same temptation,
With loftier aim and surer expectation,
May make his past endurance idle pain,
And we, who for his sake bear Heaven's chain,
Shall Heaven deride.

Beelz. Hark, ominous the song of exultation,
Borne by the blast, floats lightly to our side!

CHORUS — *in the distance.*

Flames that circle Hell,
Lift your waves rejoicing,
With your roar loud-voicing
What we feel so well,
O'er the wo of Heaven,
Whence we fell.

Scene II.

The abode of Mary Magdalene.

Judas Iscariot. Mary Magdalene.

Judas. The night is chilly. Hast thou not a coal
To feed the brazier? Not one drop of wine?
Ugh! and the lamp looks dying. Where is gone
The shekel that I gave thee yesternight?
Magd. Be not displeas'd, dear Judas. I bestow'd it
But as the Master seem'd to say we ought:
I cast it in the Treasury.
Judas. Like that widow
Whose paltry mites he made of more account
Than all the rest, because they were her all.
So thou must give thy all! Of many fools
Of Magdala, thou, Mary, art the best.
Why not have gone at once to the perfumer's,
Like thy Bethanian namesake, and anoint
His yellow locks, or even smear his feet,
As I have seen thee sweep them oftentimes
With these long delicate hairs (I could defile them!)
He would have thought still more of it.
Magd. For shame!
Thou speakest of our Lord, the Christ, our King.
Judas. I know not that: I know that I am weary
Of waiting for his kingdom, which I thought
Would make us rich at least, — both thee and me.
That starv'd look worries me: and oh, the chill
Of this unwholesome lodging! With that shekel
Thou might'st have bought us fire and light and food.

Magd. Vex not thy soul for me; I am content.
That bit of coin has bought us better fare
In the new kingdom, which is yet to come,
And is not earthly.

Judas. Who says that? who thinks it?
None of us save you women. Name one else.
Not the hot-headed James, not pale-ey'd John,
Whom I left leaning on the Master's breast, —
(He favors him because of his fair face,
As he does thee, — but I despise the boy) —
None of these overzealous "sons of thunder,"
As thy Lord terms them, for a single day
Would sail from town to town and Tribe to Tribe,
Backwards and forwards, in his changing wake,
But for this promis'd kingdom. If he be
The true Messiah and our hop'd-for Prince,
Why does he not ascend his throne in glory
And make us lords and rich?

Magd. Bethink thee, Judas,
How he reprov'd Salome. Yet who else,
If not his kinsfolk, might aspire so well
To sit beside him, if that throne and glory
Were of this earth. If then both James and John ——

Judas. Accursed be he! — Look not so aghast.
I have good cause of anger. In his ear
The Master said what had respect to me;
For both look'd on me ——

Magd. What was said? Why pause?
Why art thou discompos'd?

Judas. It is the lamp

Deepens the shadow on my face, as thine.
It will go out. Hast thou no oil to feed it?

Magd. None. Mind it not. The moonlight through the lattice
Will be enough.

Judas. No oil, no food, no fire?
And I have nothing — or dare touch no more.
What wonder I am discompos'd?

Magd. But that
Is not the cause. Thou wast at entering. Judas!
What was there said against thee at the feast?

Judas. How should I know? The Master had pronounc'd
That one of us — did evil. All inquir'd,
But only unto John was answer given,
And that was whisper'd; and John look'd at me.
I shortly slipp'd away, and, in a word,——
Thou mayst imagine it, being put to shame
Before them all.

Magd. Believ'st thou, Judas dear,
It was because of me He found thee evil?

Judas. No, as thou wast forgiven a greater sin,
When the chaste rabble brought thee out to stone;
And now being husbandless —— Why dost thou weep?
Thou knowest I love thee, Mary, and should love,
Hadst thou thy seven devils in thee still.
This is so small an imp, thy care for me!

Magd. It is for that I weep, not that thou mock'st me,
For there is something bitter in thy smile
That marks thee ill at ease.

Judas. It is the cold.
It is that sinking lamp which makes me grim.

'T will leave us soon in darkness. Is it that
Makes thee so pale? When hast thou tasted food?

Magd. It is no matter; I am not ——

Judas. Speak truly:
When hast thou eaten?

Magd. Not since yester eve.

Judas. When thou hadst money! This must be no more.
Thou shalt have food. And there! the lamp is out!
And we are left in darkness with the devils.
It suits my purpose. I am now resolv'd.

Magd. Judas! Where art thou? Do not leave me thus!
What is thy purpose? What hast thou resolv'd?
Oh Heaven!—Thou art not gone yet. Answer me.
Judas!

Judas. Thou shalt have more than food. Farewell.

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *The Palace of the High-Priest.*

The Chief-Priest, Elders and Scribes in Council.

CAIAPHAS. NICODEMUS.
JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA. AN ELDER.

Caia. What you propound is just. The antique pomp
Of our God-taught religion; the deep awe
That fell upon the people from the Ark
And made our function heaven-like; the respect
Paid to you, Elders, and the potent voice
Of you, the wise in law; all these, the soul
And ornate body of our form of state,
Will have their power, which knows not yet senescence,
Palsy'd with premature decay, and soil'd
With popular contempt their grand adornment,
If this half-craz'd fanatic be allow'd
To gather mobs and agitate reform.
The life of our old polity at stake,
Shall we stand timidly to face a scruple
That, were the life of simple men involv'd,
Would on the instant be o'erleap'd? The law
Of nature, and the law our fathers made,
Taught by the God of Sinai, both demand
The quenching of this firebrand, which has flar'd
And threaten'd conflagration all too long.
Nicod. Before we call for water, were 't not wise

To inquire if the brand be really such,
Or if it burn not with innocuous fire,
That gives out heat, but only then destroys
When the winds rage against it? Doth the law
Our fathers made give anywhere the right
To sentence even incendiaries unheard?

Caia. 'T is not a question of the law; 't is not,
I dare to assert it, even one of right:
It is to inquire if we have in ourselves
The power to save ourselves; if this great court,
Time-honor'd, and deserving in itself
Of honor, has the manhood, life yet left,
To pluck away with its own hands the thorn
From out the festering body of the State,
Or will permit the Roman intervene,
Giving his sword new scope to lop away
What little of autonomy remains.

Jos. Arim. No, were there such a danger. But this man
Aims not to stir sedition. I am myself
With eye and ear a witness, Jesus now
Is but what all our prophets were of old,
In days when we had prophets and they taught.
And for his teaching shall we stone him now,
As they ston'd prophets in the days of old?

Caia. Thou art thyself, as Nicodemus here,
A favorer of the Nazarene. God grant
Ye both become not something more.

Nicod. What's that?
His followers? If to love the right, to stand
By the oppress'd, though men of Galilee,

To welcome truth, good-sense and moral lore,
Although Samaria taught them, and to own
We never had more need of all than now,—
If this be following, then should I be proud
To tread in Jesus' footsteps, and as much
I think will he of Arimathea say.

Elder. What profits this dissension? And, in time,
Lo, one is here who craves to be admitted
On business of concern.

Caia. Let him come in.

Enter JUDAS ISCARIOT, *conducted by an usher.*

Nicod. [*to Jos. Arim.*] What a vile look he wears! I have seen, methinks,
That face before, but surely not, as now,
Troubled and full of mischief.

Jos. Arim. 'T is the awe
Inspired by our assemblage. On he comes,
Abject, but throwing furtive looks around,
Full of an evil meaning. Surely too
I have seen him elsewhere. 'T is — one of the twelve
That follow Jesus constantly.

Nicod. Thus here,
And with that look, his coming bodes no good
Unto his Master.

Jos. Arim. Hush; they have made him stop.
And now the high-priest waves his hand.

Caia. Stand there.
Fellow, who art thou? And what brings thee here?

Judas. A matter of grave import to the State.

Caia. So we were told; else hadst thou not got in.
Speak out.

Judas. I am a follower, or have been,
Of Him of Galilee.

Caia. A traitor, then.

Nicod. [*to Jos. Arim.*] No doubt.

Judas. I am not to the Sanhedrim,
Nor yet to Rome.

Caia. Thou art bold.

Judas. I have need to be
Who come on such a work.

Caia. And that?

Judas. To give
Into your power the Master.

Caia. Jesus?

Judas. Him.

Caia. What are thy motives? What dost thou propose?
Speak quickly; and be brief.

Judas. Despair, disgust,
Resentment, want of money: there you have
My motives, if I know them. You desire
To arrest the Rabbi Jesus.

Caia. Without noise.

Judas. I understand it so, and so propose.
What will ye give me if within the hour
I make you masters of his body?

Caia. How?

Judas. By showing where he may be found alone,
Or with his followers only.

Caia. Thou shalt have

Thirty full shekels.

Judas. 'T is a niggard price.

Nicod. For a vile object.

Judas. Is the object vile,
Why then employ me?

Caia. Thou art not suborn'd.
Know, thou irreverent fellow, that with thee
The object may indeed be vile, and is;
For thou betrayest who trusteth thee, and makest
Thy friend's sore damage turn to thy behoof.
With us, who are the guardians of the State,
And the ordain'd custodians of its laws,
The act of using thee, whereby we save
The State from jeopardy and check i' the midst
The infraction of the law, is worthy praise.
Tak'st thou the shekels? lendest thou thy aid?
Speak. But be cautious in thy phrase.

Judas. I had
No thought to be irreverent. Forgive me.
Why should it be accounted in me vile,
That, seeing my error, and enamour'd still
Of the fair faith our fathers taught, and tired
Of vagabondage, fearing too the ills
Which the free doctrine of the poor man's rights,
Encourag'd in his envy of the rich
And taught to deem himself preferr'd of Heaven,
Might cause in our sedition-loving race ——

Caia. Tak'st thou the thirty shekels? Ay, or no?

Judas. It is too little for so great a work.

Caia. Then we arrest thee as confederate with

The dangerous Galilean. Take thy choice,
Betraying or betray'd.

Judas. I have no choice:
She whom I cherish wants for common bread.

Caia. That concerns thee, not us. Tak'st thou the price?

Judas. I do.

Nicod. Thou abject wretch! reserve thereof
One gerah for a cord to hang thyself.

Caia. Go wait without. But first — respond to this: —
If, as is said, this Jesus is not mark'd
By any special sign, and does not lead
But mixes with his crew, how shall the band
We send to arrest him know him in the night?

Judas. By the devotion which surrounds him still
Whate'er his place in the midst of us; so that,
As with all other leaders, there, that place,
None other, is the head and centre-point.
Besides, there is a something in his mien,
A strange look in the eyes, profound and sad,
Into whose depths though clear no eye can pierce,
As in the Sea which God loves,[3] and whose gaze,
When fix'd upon you, none can bear: nay, more,
There is at times a singular light that plays
Like moonshine o'er his visage ——

Caia. Driveler, peace!
We ask not for thy fancies. Wilt thou tell us,
So we will let thee, Moses on the Mount
Was nothing more transfigur'd? Give some sign
That will not, like thy visage-moonlight, vanish

Before our lanterns. Thou thyself shalt lead:
How wilt thou mark him?

Judas. Is that needful?

Caia. Ay.

By what act wilt thou make thy Master known?

Judas. I rather would forego ——

Caia. Thy money then,
And be thyself arrested? Take thy choice.

Judas. Me miserable! — Whom then — I salute —
On meeting, with a kiss, — that same is Jesus.

Caia. Go wait without ——

Nicod. Thou wilt not trust this wretch?

Caia. No, I will use him. Thou, and Joseph here,
Alone I think of the whole Sanhedrim,
As their approving nods and signs attest,
Would let the occasion by. — Thou, wait without,
And when the guard appear, do as thou sayest.

Scene II.

The Garden of Gethsemane.

Jesus.

Simon Peter. John. James.

Jesus. Tarry ye at the gate; I must apart.
My soul is very heavy, even to death.
Can ye watch here a little while?
Peter. Yea, Lord,
Until the morning, shouldst thou bide so long.
Jesus. Simon, be not too sure.
Peter. Why not sure, Lord?
Even James and John will watch. Shall I then tire?
But rather let me go with thee apart:
I have a sword wherewith to brave thy foes,
Should any such affront thee, as thou badest.
Jesus. Thou didst mistake me.
Peter. Master, thou didst say
That two would be enough.
Jesus. And truly said;
For what would it avail though all were arm'd?
Simon, the Devil would sift thee. Take thou heed!
Peter. I am as good grain, Master, as the rest.
Let me go with thee, bear what thou shalt bear;
Though all men else desert thee, will not I.
Jesus. Sayst thou? Verily, ere the cock shall crow,
Thou, Simon Peter, wilt deny me thrice.
He leaves them and comes forward.

Poor sons of Adam! in your own weak hearts
Never more firm than when most prone to fall.—
And my weak heart, does not its human blood
Flow with a troubled current? In this dread hour,

[*kneeling.*]

When I need all my courage, O my God,
Father in Heaven, let me not grow faint.
Let the brave spirit which comés of Thee alone,
And drew no nurture from my mother's milk,
Aid me against the torture whose mere thought
Already is such anguish, and whose pangs
Seem in that forethought still more hard to bear
In that I might avoid them; for Thou knowest,
Thou, and Thou only, that these death-cold drops
Are forc'd not from my forehead by coward fear,
Fear of a suffering which, though long, shall end,
But by the struggle between what I should do
And what my mortal nature prompts me do,
Between Thy bidding which commands me stay
And my blood's frailty which would urge me flee.
Oh it is fearful! Help Thou, Father! God!
This cup, which is so bitter, if thou canst,
Take from me! But Thy will, not mine be done.

After some minutes, Jesus rises.

Simon! But he is sleeping; and the rest.
So brief a while, and yet not watch for me!
For me, for whom they were so prompt to die,
And Simon most.

LUCIFER *appears.*

Lucif. Who will be first to abjure thee.
Thou hast thyself thus told him.

Jesus. Who art thou?
I need not question. In the glowing eyes,
The godlike port, and the strange light that floats,
Visible spite the moonshine, on thy shoulders,
I read thee all, without that mocking voice
Which brings to mind the mountain where I bade thee,
As I do now, Get thee hence, Satan!

Lucif. No,
Not then as now. I offer'd power and glory,
And set a price upon them. Then thy gaze
Was made to cover at a single glance
All of Earth's kingdoms. Now I bid thee see
And hear but with man's senses. Look around.
The moon is o'er the hill-top, and her light
Floods the hush'd city and the mighty wall
Which stood the Assyrian fire when all the rest,
Temple and tower, went down, and David's throne
With its weak kings, six hundred years ago.
How peaceful! and how still! Thou mayst distinguish
Sole of all sounds the bubbling of yon brook.
But in a little while how all will change!
Even now I hear, as thou mayst wilt thou use
The ears that are not earth-made, martial steps;
I see the gleam of torches, useless sure
In the broad moonshine, and the uncertain gleam

Of many spear-heads. 'T is the armed band
That come to catch thee. Wilt thou wait them here?
Jesus. I will.
Lucif. Hast thou bethought thee, God-born, then,
Of what the end is?
Jesus. Satan, I have said,
Go from before me. Thou didst fail with Job.
Shall I do less than he?
Lucif. He was not tried
As thou wilt be: I might not touch his life.
Think'st thou the Roman will refuse to yield?
He will approve thee, but thou wilt be given
To quench the blood-thirst of a frantic mob,
That will outwatch the stars to see thee die,
And grumble, if thou should be spar'd one pang.
Jesus. Simon! Awake! Beloved John! ——
Lucif. The cold
Hath numb'd them. And these wretched men as well,
Who follow thee, thou know'st, for what they hope
Will be their gain on Earth, nor wait for Heaven,—
Their nets, thou didst assure them, should catch men —
Jesus. Peace, Devil! and avaunt!
Lucif. The Christ will pardon.—
These to-be-sainted fishermen, as well,
Will watch thy crucifixion, not indeed
With the brute satisfaction of the mob,
Nor in the hungry curiousness alone
To mark how thou canst suffer and wilt die,
Though haply some such craving, being men,

Will mingle with their heart-ache; but can they,
Or can thy mother's anguish, wept she blood,
Keep thy raw wounds from smarting, or assuage
The thirst that burns like fire thy throat and lips?
Jesus. Father! this cup! —— Let not the serpent's gall
Add to its bitterness!
Lucif. Yet 't is honey-sweet
Compar'd with that thou presently shalt drink.
Hear'st thou not yet the footsteps? In brief time,
Their measur'd tramp will sound without the gate.
One of thy zealots leads them. Son of God!
What though incarnate, wilt thou be arraign'd
Like a vile robber and abide the law?
I hear thee sentenc'd. 'Mid a rabble rout,
Who rain on thee dire curses and foul words,
Who buffet thee and void their filthy rheum
On thy resistless visage, thou 'rt push'd and dragg'd
To the high place, where nail'd on either side
A cut-throat suffers with thee. Thou art stripp'd.
I see thy body bound to the cross'd planks.
And now large spikes are driven through thy hands,
And through thy feet. Thick in the wintry air
The blood flows slowly o'er thy pallid limbs
And stiffens there. O weary, weary time!
When death, though still before thee, fails to strike
Though pray'd for, and the fever in the veins
Brings not unconsciousness. See, that head,
Into whose bloody front the plaited thorns
Press their sharp points, droops lower on the chest

And spots it with the mingled sweat of death
And tears of gore. And yet thou canst not die.
Will not the sun go down? Thy parch'd lips ope,
And while thine eyes turn languidly to Heaven,
Yet full of agony that is reproach, thy voice
Calls feebly unto God who lets thee die.

Jesus. Father! have mercy!

Lucif. Ask it not of Him.
Of me thou wilt obtain it.

Jesus. Fiend! Of thee?

Lucif. Son of the maiden Mary and of God,
Ere thou wast man I did defy thy power,
And scorn'd to worship thee. Since here on Earth,
I promis'd all the kingdoms of the Earth,
So thou wouldst worship me. If thou wilt flee
And leave these ingrate fools, who know thee not,
To their own ruin, I, I will kneel to thee,
Here on this spot, avow thee as my lord,
And ever more do reverence.

Jesus. If thou wilt,
Father, I would this cup might pass from me!
Yet not my will, but Thine be done.

Lucif. So be it.
Die in thy pride and folly; and may the thought
Heighten thy pangs, that, though thou bleed'st for man,
Thou sav'st him not. He is my vassal still.
Part we. I could admire, but that my wrongs
Breed everlasting hate and keep us foes.

LUCIFER *disappears.*

Jesus. The agony is over.— Angels' hands?
Their fingers wipe my brow, their broad wings fan me,
Their soft breath soothes me, and their silver tones
With whisper'd words of solace and of love
Renew my courage. Am I then approv'd?
O God! my Father! since it is Thy will,
Let me drink boldly, though the draft is death.

He moves toward the sleepers.

Simon, awake. The time is gone for rest.
The hour approaches when the Son of Man
Is given unto his foes; and lo, at hand
He that betrays me. [*The disciples gather round him.*

Enter
A band of Soldiers, Malchus
and others, Judas *in advance, who presses*
hurriedly forward and kisses Jesus.

Is it with a kiss
Thou mak'st betrayal of the Son of Man?
Whom seek ye? [*to the Band.*

Malch. Him of Nazareth.

Jesus. 'T is I.
Why fall ye back in doubt? Again I ask:
Whom seek ye?

Malch. We have said, — the Nazarene.

Jesus. I told ye, I am he. If I alone
Be he ye come for, let these go their way.

Malch. Seize him.

Peter. Thou villain! [*wounds Malchus.*

Jesus. Simon, put thy sword
Back to his place: all they that take the sword
Shall perish by the sword. If I had need,
Think'st thou that angels would not guard me now?
The cup my Father giveth shall I not drink? —
Suffer thus far. [*to Malchus, touching his wound.*
Have ye come out to me
As to a robber, with your swords and staves?
When I was daily with you in the temple,
Ye stretch'd not out your hands to me; but this
Is now your hour, and darkness hath dominion.

They bind Jesus, *and lead him forth,*
the Disciples *fleeing, all but* Peter, *who*
follows at a distance.

Act the Fourth

Scene I.—As in Act II., Sc. 2.

Judas Iscariot. Mary Magdalene.

Judas. Here take the flint. I cannot force a spark:
My hands are numb.
Magd. Thy fingers are like death!
Yet thy brow drips with sweat! Is that from cold?
Judas. Yes; hasten.
Magd. How thy voice shakes!
Judas. Mind it not.
The light; quick, quick! the fire. It is so dark —
Is the door barr'd? — and cold! I had such toil
To get these things at this late hour — Ah, so!
The faggots now. Canst thou put in the oil? —
And that is why my brow drips and I tremble;
I had to run so fast from shop to shop,
Finding all closed but one.
Magd. Yet thou art cold.
Thy running should have warm'd thee.
Judas. And it would.
But then the thought of thee ——
Madg. Why look'st thou round?
Judas. Heard'st thou then nothing?
Magd. Nothing. This is fear.
How pale thou look'st!

Judas. It is the flickering flame.
The brands will soon cease smoking, and my face
Will not look haggard. 'T is the thought of thee,
Thy hunger that distress'd me, made me cold.
Break the bread, Mary.

Magd. I did not say *haggard.*
Yet haggard 't is and pale. 'T is not the fire
That flickers, for the lamp is burning clear.
What is it ails thee?

Judas. Give me of the wine.
And drink thyself, and eat. Eat, Mary dear.
Now I am warmer.

Magd. Whence hadst thou these things?

Judas. What matters it? Thou art starving. Eat, I say;
And here, drink off that wine.

Magd. I will not drink,
Nor eat, till thou hast told me whence this comes.
Thou hast not —— God of Heaven! on thy hand
Is blood!

Judas. A spot. A splinter in the wood.
Seest thou? there is the scratch.

Magd. Thou couldst not ——

Judas. What?
Dost thou suspect me?

Magd. Thou hast done no murder?

Judas. Oh no! Oh no, no, no! not yet.

Magd. Not yet?
And said so gloomily. Thou hast not robb'd?

Judas. I would I had!

Magd. Thou wouldst thou had? And tears?

[*removing one of his hands, with both which he has covered his face.*

Judas, where gott'st thou money? Till thou tell'st me,
I will not eat that bread, nor drink that wine.

Judas. The bread and wine are what remained to day
After the feast. The master of the house
Bestow'd them on me.

Magd. Did he give thee too
The oil and faggots? Thou didst let me think
Thou gott'st them at a shop, the sole one open.
Where didst thou get the money?

Judas. Fill my cup.
And drink thou too, and eat.

Magd. I will not eat
Till thou hast told me if the bread be honest.
Fill thou, thyself; I cannot pour that wine.
Nor shouldst thou drink it, if I could prevail.
Thou tremblest, and thy eyes are dropping tears.

Judas. It is the smoke. I tremble with a fear ——
Why dost thou doubt me, Mary? — with a fear
Some evil is betiding. Heard'st thou aught
While I was absent? Sawest thou no sign?

Magd. What dost thou mean? What sign, what sound? To whom
Should evil be betiding? Is 't to John?

Judas. To all of us. How know I? It will happen
When least we think it.

Magd. As the Master said:

Offences needs must come; but wo to him
Through whom ——

Judas. More wine!

Magd. Thou shalt not drink again:
Thou art already wild.

Judas. Ah, wo indeed!

Magd. Oh what a sigh was that! Hast thou done aught? ——
Judas! thou know'st I love thee. On my knees
I do adjure thee, by that sinful love
For which I live in daily terror and grief
That make all joy forgotten, tell me, tell,
What is it weighs upon thy soul this night?
What hast thou done? Where didst thou get the means,
For me unhappy, for my most wretched sake,
To buy this oil, and wine, and bread, and wood?

Judas. Eat, let me see thee eat. Heard'st thou not aught?
Saw'st thou not aught this night? Eat, do but eat!
Or thou wilt drive me desperate. 'T was for that,
To ease thy hunger —— Saw'st thou naught to night?
Naught from thy lattice, Mary? It o'erlooks ——

Magd. Why dost thou pause? O'erlooks ——

Judas. Eat, do but eat!

Magd. [*springing to her feet.*
Ah! I remember now. It cannot be —
Thou canst not be so wicked — Oh my God!
Let me not hear him say it, let me die
Not knowing of such treason!

Judas. Treason? What?
What should I do with treason? And to whom?

Magd. Look in my eyes. Thou spak'st this very night

Bitterly of the Master, and a purpose ——
What money hast thou?

Judas. Here are seven pieces.
But take them not to the Women's Court again.

Magd. Where didst thou get them?

Judas. Say I borrow'd, begg'd:
What matters it? Eat, drink. Was that a noise?

Magd. I heard none. 'T is the moaning wind perhaps.

Judas. It sounded like a sigh.

Magd. It was thy own.
Twice hast thou heav'd one, from thy inmost breast.
Something weighs heavy there and would have vent.
It makes thee restless, gloomy, fearful, wild.
Am I a child, that I should see all this
And not conjecture? have I grown so old
As to forget already what, not hunger,
Made thy stay long to me? Whence came that coin?
I will not touch it till I know fully whence.
What didst thou mean by signs and sounds? What ill
Is there betiding?

Judas. There was in the street
A rumor, that — the Master —— Heard'st thou naught?
I thought that, being so near the wall —

Magd. Why pause?
'T is not to stir the brands. Thou hid'st thy face.
The Master? And that whisper'd word to John?
What hast thou done? Thou hast not —— There were shouts,
Lights through the trees, and armed men I thought,
In the vale from the Mount of Olives. Judas! man!

Thou didst not lead them? Thou didst not betray ——
Speak, if thou wouldst not kill me. Only sobs?
And for this money?

Judas. Woman, it was thou —
Thy suffering drove me.

Magd. Thou hast done it, then?
Oh, I had hopes ——— But say not 't was for me!
My hunger could not make thee wicked — wicked?
Oh, wicked unspeakably! A wretch like thee
Never yet liv'd, and is not fit to live.

Judas. Sayst thou? This my guerdon? Thou art right;
I am not fit to live. I go. But thou,
For whose sake I have sinn'd thus, take this coin —
All but one piece. Eat, live, be happy. There:
It is my life's worth.

Magd. 'T is the price of blood.
I will not touch it; nor the bread, nor wine.
This fire shall not burn here, this lamp shall out.
There. In a moment, when these embers die,
I shall again be in the dark, and cold,
But with a pang that will not let me feel
Hunger or thirst. I would, ere thou hadst come,
I had been colder, in a darker place,
Where is no hunger.

Judas. Would I now were there!
Mary, I go. Give me that wine once more.

Magd. Thou shalt not taste one drop. It is the blood
Of thy good Master. Thou hast over-drunk,
Even were it honest wine. Where dost thou go to?

Judas. Farewell — forever!

Magd. Judas! Stay. Thy face
I see but dimly; but thy voice, thy step ——
There is something makes me shudder. Let me hold
thee;
Be not so violent. Whither dost thou go?
Judas. To atone my guilt, to make redress, if 't may be.
Magd. And save our Lord? Oh! do but that, but that —
Do but that, dost thou hear me? and come back,
I'll love thee as I never lov'd before.
But take the money with thee, what is left.
Promise the rest to-morrow, — as thou mayst;
We'll find it somewhere. Why so mute? Wrench not
Thy arm so rudely from me. Thou 'rt not wroth?
Judas. O no, no, no! not wroth.
Magd. Thou hast no cause.
Hasten! But, if thou fail to amend thy fault,
Come never more again!
Judas. Ay, never more!

Scene II.

As in Act III., Sc. 1.

The Sanhedrim assembled.

Jesus *before them.*

Caiaphas. Nicodemus. Joseph of Arimathea.

On one side, three Witnesses. On the other, Malchus.

Soldiers of the Guard, Officers of the Court, &c.

Caia. Answer to what we ask thee. What art thou?
Whence is thy mission? Is it true what men
Allege of thee?

Nicod. With deference be it said,
We have no right to make him plead, himself,
To show what he is not, or what he is.
If he be chargeable with grave offence,
As I dare doubt, let the man stand arraign'd
Until we prove it.

Caia. Thou dost strain the law
In his behoof. Unwisely; for our course
Gives him in mercy privilege to plead
From his own consciousness, advancing all
May best avail him and withholding aught
That cunning would conceal. — Art thou still mute?

Jesus. Say I should answer you, will ye believe?
Or should I question, will ye make reply?
What I have said was said unto the world.

In synagogue and temple, there, where Jews
From all parts gather, was my doctrine taught,
At all times, openly, in secret not.
Why ask ye then of me? Ask them who heard me.
Lo, they will know to tell you what I taught.

Malch. [*striking him.*
What! to the High-Priest mak'st thou answer thus?

Jesus. Have I spoke evil, witness to that evil.
If I said what was well, why smit'st thou me?

Nicod. Is this an outrage to be tamely borne?
Are we a court? or shall the Sanhedrim
Allow the robe of justice to be soil'd
By ruffian servitors? The culprit's tone
Was nothing bolder than becomes a man,
A man so question'd; if to be reprov'd,
Censure should come of us, not in the form
Of scoundrel violence.

Caia. Malchus, leave the hall.
Thy superserviceable zeal, albeit
Rightly inspir'd, revolts the prophet's friends.
Bring the first witness. What hast thou to urge?

1*st Witn.* This fellow call'd himself the Son of God.

Nicod. Passing thy insolent levity, unto us
Much more dishonoring than to him, the arraign'd,
Heard'st thou this said thyself? And when? And where?
But we assume the fact. The Sanhedrim
Need not be told it is written, "I have said
Ye are gods, and children of the Highest, all."

Could this apply to many, surely one
Who doth, or claims to do, the righteous works
Enjoin'd by Him who is Father of all men,
May speak as is reported, nor blaspheme.

Jos. Arim. I am a witness as to the intent
And meaning of those words. 'T was in the porch
Of Solomon, when the people took up stones
To slay him for the imputed crime here urg'd,
That he disprov'd it, citing the same phrase
Which Nicodemus hath.

Caia. But was this all?
What hast thou else to charge?

1*st Witn.* We took up stones
Because he claimed that he and God are one.

Jos. Arim. Further misapprehension. Heard I not
How he said elsewhere, when one call'd him *good*,
"There is none good but one, and that is God?"
My testimony weighs at least as much
As this coarse fellow's.

Caia. But may be more bias'd.

Nicod. Ever, I trust, toward truth and common right.

Caia. That is a matter of opinion now,
But will be soon of judgment. Honest man,
Hast thou more evidence?

1*st Witn.* This Jesus said,
Once in Capernaum, that his flesh was bread,
That he would give us of this bread to eat,
And that it came from Heaven. Whereat, not few
Of his own followers left him.

Nicod. What is that,

Even if 't be true? Most palpably the sense
Is moral. Taken at the letter's worth,
It were a madman's utterance, and could claim
Nowise consideration on our part.

Caia. Save to corroborate the facts adduc'd.
Call the next witness. What hast thou to state,
Of thy own knowledge?

2d Witn. That this Jesus claim'd
To have been before our father Abraham was.
For which we would have ston'd him, but he fled.
And, at another time again, declar'd:
"Destroy the Temple, and in three days' time
I will rebuild the same."

Nicod. Assertions both
Whose quality rests on the mode of speech
Habitual with the assertor, known to all
To talk in figures. Give a literal sense,
He is a god, or lunatic and fool.
We cannot touch him, if he be a god;
If mad, or void of sense, we have no right.

Jos. Arim. Justly remark'd. The temple meant his body.
This I have heard his near disciple say.
He inculcates, it is known, a future life.

Caia. You as his friends, if not his followers, both,
Should help the god exemplify his lesson
In his own flesh, — as soon may be. For lo,
A witness more unanswerable. Speak!

3d Witn. The accus'd, with his disciples, gather'd corn
Upon the Sabbath-day, and, censur'd, said,
David had more profan'd it, and the priests

That serve the Temple do it without blame;
Adding, "Here is a greater than the Temple,"
Meaning himself, — "for he, the Son of Man
Is master even of the Sabbath-day."

Elder. Horrid impiety!

Scribe. Pretention blasphemous!

Nicod. That is as it was said; the tone is all.
For what was said is borne out by the law
And record.

Caia. By the law? Wilt thou maintain
The law has made him master of the law?
Or find'st thou, thou, this ape of prophets gone
A greater than the Temple?

Nicod. I find nought
Before me, in that unresisting form,
But a good man most shamefully betray'd,
Whose zeal may be excessive, but whose claims
To greatness, as imputed, are belied
By his own conduct.

Caia. Dost thou know it all?
Lurks there no craft beneath an artless mein?
Is meekness never made the facile mask
To an ambitious spirit? Speak once more,
And tell the Council, man, what thou hast seen,
What know of this aspirant — such he is,
Humble though he stands here — to David's throne.

Nicod. The question guides and prompts to a reply.

Caia. Mind not the Elder. Speak; thou shalt be heard.

3d Witn. One day he rode in triumph, and the crowd,
Like madmen, spread their garments in his path,

And shouted ——

Nicod. Where was this?

3d Witn. Upon the way
From Bethphage to the city.

Nicod. Thou wast there?

3d Witn. I was. They shouted: "Blessed be the king
That cometh in the Lord's name! Peace on earth
And glory in the highest." When rebuk'd, —
As some there bade him chide them — I was one, —
This Jesus answer'd: "Should these hold their peace,
The very stones beneath us would cry out."

Elder. 'T is a clear case.

Scribe. So think we all.

Nicod. Why then,
When, at another time, the rabble strove
To make him king by force — this can be prov'd, —
Why did he flee? 'T was nigh Tiberias,
Over the Sea. He fled, and hid himself.

Caia. The people then *did* seek to make him king?
So much is prov'd.

Nicod. But not that 't was his fault.

Caia. Proceed. [*to Witn.*

3d Witn. He assur'd the Twelve that make his train,
That, when he came to glory, they should sit,
Themselves, upon twelve thrones and judge the Tribes.

Caia. What more is needed?

Elder. Let him be condemn'd.

Nicod. Upon this evidence? The very words
Us'd by the witness mark the innocent sense
Of the accus'd, supposing he thus spake.

His glory is not of this world; the thrones
Are seats in Heaven.

Jos. Arim. Else, let the witness say,
Who has learn'd so much, why, as is known to all
The twelve he calls the train, the Nazarene
Refus'd the sons of Zebedee their choice,
When, in their ignorance of this mystic sense
Which Nicodemus hath so well divin'd,
Their mother pray'd him that the two might sit
On either hand of him in that new realm.
What was his answer? 'T was not his to give,
But theirs for whom his Father had prepar'd it.

Caia. Atrocious blasphemy!

Nicod. Be it, if thou please.
But, if not so design'd——

Caia. Ye Scribes and Elders,
Priests who with me look on the law of God
As violated in the lightest act
Of all ascrib'd to this mad Nazarene,
Why need we sit here longer? Is 't your will,
As mine, to pluck this irritating thorn
Instantly from the body of the State,
That it may rest, and we put off the dread
Of being endanger'd with our conquerors worse,
Ye will not give to Nicodemus here
And Joseph, who is, like him, sway'd at least
By predilection for the dangerous ways
Of this smooth-tongued and subtlest instigator
Of the bad passions of our mutinous race,

Ye will not give them time to argue more
In such a cause.

Elder. No, we have heard too much.

Nicod. Ay, from this Jesus, who has rous'd your hate
By openly denouncing, at all times,
Your white-wash'd irreligion, the false pomp
Of a knee-homage, and your empty vaunts
Of charity where lives but self-conceit
And pitiless avarice and revengeful pride.
Had he but left your vices unreprov'd ——

Caia. Let him say no word more.

Elder. Ay, and take heed.

Nicod. Of what? from whom?

Jos. Arim. [*apart to Nicod.*] Be cautious; 't is in vain.

Nicod. [*to Jos., but aloud.*
Art thou so lukewarm? Were I not to speak
Against this violence done to sense and right
And decency, in this innocent person's words,
"The very stones beneath me would cry out."

Caia. Enough. The prisoner's friends have pleaded long:
Why is he mute himself? By that dread name
Thou dost profess to reverence with ourselves,
I charge thee, tell us, art thou then the Christ?

Jesus. Thou sayst it.

Caia. That our ears should hear these words!

Elder. Take him to death.

Scribe. On to the Judgment, on!

JESUS *is borne out, amid the scoffs and mockery of the crowd,—the* SENATE *rising after,—when,*

Enter JUDAS ISCARIOT,
forcing his way through the Servants of the Court.

Judas. Stop me not! 'T is on life and death. Way! way!
I must to the Senate.
Caia. Fellow, what is 't now?
Judas. Take back your silver; what is wanting there
Will be made good to-morrow. I have lied.
I have betray'd the innocent blood. Set free
The Rabbi Jesus, and take me instead.
Caia. If thou hast lied, that is thy own affair.
Take up thy hire, and with it get thee hence.
'T is nothing to us now, no more than thou.
Judas. Let it lie there then. — I have kept one piece,
As thou didst counsel. [*to Nicod. as, on going out,*
Judas passes him.
Nicod. No, not now; not now.
Go home, unhappy wretch, and make atonement
By a new life.
Judas. I have promis'd — "Never more."

Scene III.

The porch without the palace of the High-Priest.

Peter, *weeping.*

Enter hurriedly, John.

John. I have come to seek thee. Why dost thou weep here?
They have dragg'd Him to the Judgment-Hall. Come,
come!
Peter. I am weeping not for Him. Didst thou not hear
How he foretold I should deny him thrice?
I felt ill-treated then. But, wo is me!
I am weaker than I thought.
John. What hast thou done?
Peter. I stood below in the Hall where thou didst leave me,
And when they said that I was of his men,
In fear denied it. Then the cock crew loud;
And the Lord, turning round to where I stood,
Look'd for a moment at me. But that look!
John. Well mayst thou weep. We all are weak. But one,
One only has been devilish; and that one
Repented, and hath made atonement. Come!
Peter. What, what atonement? Judas?
John. Hasten. Yes,
Judas has taken his own life. On the way,
I will tell thee what I have heard. Come, Simon, come!

Scene IV.

The Gabbatha or Pavement.

In the background, Pontius *on the Judgment-seat, attended by his officers and lictors. At his right hand waiting, a little apart, a Servant of his household. The chief members of the Sanhedrim — among them, but aloof and moving reluctantly,* Nicodemus *and* Joseph of Arimathea — *are approaching the Pavement, to arrange themselves on either side, the People following, to place themselves in front.*

Pontius. [*his face half-turned to the Servant.*

Tell her, her dreams accord with my day-thoughts
I will do what I can; but the High-Priest
Is bent on his destruction. Lo, they come,
And wait me on the Pavement. Mark thou that!
These bigot Jews will not approach my house,
Lest they contract pollution from a Gentile,
But meet me when without! Go tell her that,
And bid her hope for nothing from such fools.

Jesus,
guarded, is led up through the crowd, and made to stand in the centre of the Pavement, before the Judgment-seat.

Caia. Behold the Nazarene. The tetrarch Herod
Remands him unto thee.

Pont. Because, like me,
He finds no fault in him. Must I again
Go over the same grounds with like result?
He does not merit death: I will chastise him,
Then set him free.

Jesus. Take heed to what thou dost;
For with what measure thou shalt mete to me,
It shall be meted unto thee again.

Pont. Threat'nest thou me?

Jesus. I have no will to threaten,
But I have power given me to forewarn.
Thou art a man who art not idly cruel,
But, where thou think'st there is need, thou dost not stop
Were 't for ten thousand lives. Beware thou then,
Nor lend thyself to cruelty that pleads
No pretext like thy own; for God decrees,
In retribution, violent ends to those
Who practise violence.[4]

Pont. If I set thee free,
Wilt thou go home unto thy mother now,
And brethren, and, thy own good seeking only,
Keep from all business that is not thy own?

Jesus. My business is my Father's. He who doth
His will Who is in Heaven, the same to me
My mother is, my sister and my brother.

Caia. Thou seest; he will not own himself the son
Of the dead carpenter, though all the world
About him know it and have seen him work

At his mean trade. What sayst thou, fellow? who
Art thou in fact?

Jesus. The faithful shepherd, come
To lay his life down freely for his flock.

Caia. That will be seen. Most noble Pontius, end
This mockery. This person breaks, has broken
For years our laws, he makes himself to be
The son of the Most High, profanes our Sabbath,
Derides the priesthood. For these crimes alone
His life were justly forfeit: but he is
The cause if not the inciter of sedition,
Proclaim'd by the idle, ignorant throng, that gather
About him everywhere, to be their king,
The prince of the House of David, whom the prophet
Foretold should come to build us up again
Our ruin'd kingdom, and the sceptre wresting
From conquering Rome restore it unto Judah.
Already in the Wilderness they sought
Compulsively to make him king. ——

Jesus. Why need
Compulsion, were my kingdom of this world?

Caia. Break'st thou my speech? — Because, in his own words,
His time was not yet come.

Pont. [*to Jesus.*] And is that true?
Hast thou this wild ambition to be king?

Jesus. Ask'st thou this of thyself? Or speak'st thou thus
As they who accuse me?

Pont. Am I then a Jew?

They, who have brought thee hither thus arraign'd,
Are thy own people. Is their censure just?

Jesus. Let my acts answer. He, who for himself
Speaketh and acteth, seeketh his own glory;
But seeketh he to glorify alone
Him who has sent him, he is wholly true
And doth uprightly.

Nicod. Noble Pontius, hear.
The charges that are made against this man
Have not one been sustain'd. Nor thou, nor Herod
Find ought in him to punish. That the rabble
Should seek to make him king — if that be so,
May at the time give trouble and vex the State;
But is the fault in him? and should we ever
Make innocence suffer?

Pont. I have, as thou must see,
No wish to punish, as I find no cause.
But your own rulers find one, and insist.

Caia. Art thou a friend to Cæsar, thou must condemn.
This man is hostile to the rule of Cæsar.

Nicod. He paid the tribute-money at Capernaum.

Jos. Arim. And with this phrase, which in itself alone
Defines his purpose and shows the realm he claims
To be unearthly: "Render unto Cæsar
That which is his, to God what is of God."

Caia. I have said before, he but abides his time.
Are we to wait until the serpent's egg
Is hatch'd? A known contemner of the law,
Blasphemous, sacrilegious, full of guile,
Seditious, a corrupter of the people,

We find he merits death, and call on thee,
Where only is the power, to pronounce it.

Pont. People, — it is your custom on this day
To free a prisoner. Two await your choice.
One is Barabbas, a determin'd villain,
Who rous'd you to revolt, and in the act
Caus'd or committed murder. He is chain'd.
The other, now before you, is a man
Whom I esteem a teacher wise and good,
Such as ye need, and such as in your faith
Has in all time been common. By mischance,
Or malice of his foes, or through a zeal
Too warm perhaps and headstrong, brought in fault,
He is led to this tribunal to be doom'd.
Bid me release him to you; for to me
He is in no wise guilty.

Scribe. But he is
Before our law. Release to us Barabbas.

Elder. And crucify this Jesus, would-be king.

One of the People. Ay, crucify him!

Another. And release Barabbas.

Pont. What! crucify him whom you would make king?

Priest. They have no king but Cæsar.

People. To the cross!

Others. Away with him!

Others. And give us up Barabbas.

Pont. The man of crime? and slay this harmless one?
Look on him well. What evil hath he done?

Elder. He made himself the Christ. Away with him!

People. Away with the blasphemer! To the cross!

Pont. Bring water! — Thus, before you, with your rite,
I wash my hands of the blood you bid me shed.

Elder. Be it on our heads.

People. And on our children's heads.

Nicod. Even so, ye madmen.

People. Crucify! Away!

Pont. [*to the lictors.*] Take him. And see they set above the cross,
"King of the Jews."

Scribe. Not so, but "self-call'd King."

Pont. What I have said is said. Away.

People. Away!

Others. To the cross!

Others. To Golgotha!

Another. Put on the crown.

A wreath of thorns is set on Jesus' head.

Scribe. Give him a sceptre in his royal hands.

Soldier. [*putting a reed in Jesus' hand, and bending the knee before him.*
Hail, King of the Jews!

People. Away with him! away!

JESUS *is led off hurriedly,*
amid the shouts and derision of the People.

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I.—A highway near and leading to Calvary.

NICODEMUS *and* JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.

Approaching them in face,

A CENTURION.

Jos. Arim. The darkness still continues, the thick clouds,
Black as in summer-showers when thunder rolls,
Have yet no motion, and the wind is still.
Nicod. Nor is there dampness. 'T seems as if the sky
Were not spread with a level mass of cloud,
But metal-plated, solid to the sun,
Which hides as God forbade it to give light
To this foul crime.
Jos. Arim. What if he were the Christ?
Nicod. Think'st thou? He was a prophet at the least,
And Heaven by this unnatural blackness notes
Its anger or its sorrow. Who comes yon?
Jos. Arim. 'T is he whose servant Jesus render'd whole,
The good Centurion.
Nicod. Doubtless from the Mount.
His brows are knitted and his lips compress'd,
His head cast down. —— Hail! com'st thou from the scene?
Centur. Of unjust death and torture? Ay. You Jews
Are a malignant and a stiff-neck'd race;

You know not your own fortune. Not at Rome
Had we so slain our teachers.

Nicod. Athens did,
And lo! Rome's procurator, Pontius, now!
He had the power to stay the insensate mob,
But in one breath acquitted and made over
To shame and death the man his soul approv'd,
Then wash'd his hands, — as if the innocent blood
Could not bespot a conscience turn'd to steel
By selfish fear and tyrannous disregard
Of human rights.

Centur. 'T is boldly said, but well.
I love thee. — Let us pass that. — Go ye now
To see the end?

Nicod. We do. How bears he up?

Centur. Like a true soldier — hero, — like a god!
But 't is a horrid sight. I have seen men slain
And mangled often, — felt, yet fought through all;
But this I could not bear. Go not, ye.

Nicod. Nay,
'T is all, the last, that is left us now to do.

Jos. Arim. Wast thou there from the first? Tell, tell us all.

Centur. On his way to the place of death, a rabble throng,
As usual in such scenes, preceded, follow'd,
Accompanied on both sides, — some overjoy'd,
Some simply curious, — laughing, hooting, eager.
But some there were more decent, and with these
Were women weeping, unrestrain'd, though low.
Looking on these, the Rabbi, who through all

Mov'd undisturb'd, though sadly serious, said:
"Weep not for me, ye daughters of Jerusalem;
Weep for yourselves and children. For, behold,
The time approaches when they shall call blessed
The barren, and the womb that has not born,
The paps that give no suck. Then shall they cry:
Fall on us, O ye mountains! and ye cliffs,
Conceal us! For, if in the yet moist wood
They do these things, what shall be in the dry?"

Nicod. Sad prophecy!

Jos. Arim. And true.

Nicod. But doom'd, not less,
Only to be regarded when found true.

Centur. Arriv'd at the fatal hill, they strip him bare,
Disputing for his garments, which they part.
The bitter drink is offer'd, and refus'd:
Hero or god, but truly sacrifice,
He will not deaden pain. His hands and feet
Are nail'd to the cross, which then is set erect,
Amid the shouts of the rabble, and the sobs
Of some of the women, but without a groan
From the poor sufferer, who but op'd his lips
In prayer for his torturers: "Father," — thus he cried, —
"Forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Nicod. O more than human!

Jos. Arim. Like an angel!

Centur. Say,
'T was as a man made god, a son of Jove,

Alone might speak. But once he rais'd his eyes
Slowly to Heaven; and oh, with such a look,
Of sorrow and pain and resignation mix'd,
Awful yet beautiful, my own eyes swam,
Which have not been so mov'd since, at ten years,
I saw my mother die.

Nicod. We wonder not.

Centur. Just at that moment, over all the sky
There came this darkness, and the shouts were hush'd,
And even the hideous gaiety and jeers —
While the awe lasted.

Jos. Arim. Staid'st thou there till now?

Centur. Only at intervals. Still around the cross
The women sit or kneel, some bath'd in tears,
Some sobbing softly, some, their faces hid
In their spread palms, their bodies rocking slowly
With a continuous motion to and fro,
While, further off, the men in various groups,
And busied variously to while the time,
Unwearied watch to see a brave man die.

Nicod. Is it near the end?

Centur. He is sinking even now.
One of the robbers is already dead. Before
Ye leave me, tell me, ye who know him well,
What think ye is this being for whose last hour
Jove wraps his throne in darkness?

Nicod. If not man,
Haply he is that Christ our prophets told
Should come to bless us.

Jos. Arim. But we have misred
Their prophecies, and slay where we should worship.
Centur. I will go back with you, and see the end.
There have been men, the earth-born sons of gods,
Whom Heaven's high King has chosen to dwell with him,
As Hercules and Æsculapius. This
May be of the kind. I will behold the end.

Scene II.

Golgotha or Calvary.

Jesus, *on the cross.*

At its foot, at one side, Mary *his mother,* Mary Magdalene, Martha, *and other women. Behind them,* John. Peter *and* James, *a little more removed. — A little later, behind these latter,* Nicodemus, Jos. of Arimathea *and the* Centurion, — *who, throughout, speak in suppressed tones. On the other side, a guard of Roman soldiers, with their* Subcenturio *or Lieutenant, and two of the Procurator's Lictors.*

The People *are variously dispersed on every side. Here and there, a few of better condition; among whom, and near the cross, the* Scribe *and* Elder, *interlocutors in previous scenes.*

One of the People. Thou who destroyest the Temple and again
In three days buildest it, come down.
Another. Not yet.
The Christ sav'd others, or profess'd to save.
Himself he cannot.
Another. If the Son of God,
Come down, and we will worship thee.
Scribe. Dost hear?
King of the Jews, descend from thy high throne,
That we may look on thee and kiss thy feet.
Elder. Those feet are bloody, and those gory hands

Look not like godhood. Yet we will believe,
If thou wilt loose thyself and come to us.
Centur. Noble, unmov'd, he will not deign reply.
There is more godhead in those speechless lips
Than any human blood can wash away.
Nicod. But lo, his mother speaks.
Mary. My son! my son!
What shall I do when thou art gone from me!
John. He heeds thee not; his mind is far away.
Magd. No, he looks on ye both. Alas, alas!
Those dying eyes! O God!
Jesus. Behold,
Woman, thy son. And thou, behold thy mother.
John. She shall indeed be unto me a mother,
And I from this day, Lord, will be her son.
Martha. Be comforted.
Mary. Talk not to me of comfort.
Look on those lips,—is any comfort there?
Those pallid cheeks blood-spotted, and those eyes
That call in vain on Heaven. O my son!
Would I had never born thee for this day;
Or would that I had died ere it was come!
O Jesus! O my son! my son!
Centur. Look now!
The end approaches. 'T is the dying thirst
That tortures.
Nicod. Yet the immortal soul yields not.
His head droops lower. Was not that a sigh?
Mary. Speak to me once again. Dost thou not hear me?

Dost thou yet suffer greatly, O my son?

Nicod. He hears her not. He is past human sound.
Still lower sinks the head.

Jos. Arim. He lifts it now.

Centur. There is again that look I told ye of.

Jesus. My God! my God! Why, why hast Thou forsook me?

People. Hear to him there; he calls upon his god.
Why comes he not to aid him?

Sub-centurion. Peace, thou Jew!
He bears him in a way to teach you all.
This to release him. [*Takes a spear from a soldier and pierces the side of Jesus.*

People. Hark! he speaks again.

Jesus. My God! my God! into thy hands — I yield —
My spirit. — It is finish'd.

Mary. Jesus! Son!

Scene III.

As in Act I., Sc. 1.

Raphael. Michael.

Chorus of Angels.

Chorus.

"'T is finish'd." In the wintry air
The blood congealing
Is not renew'd.
That pale head, with its thorn-encircled hair
Matted and glu'd
With gore-drops from the spine-pierc'd forehead
stealing,
Presses and crimson-spots his shoulder bare,
Like the stark limbs revealing
That human sense and feeling
No more are there.

Silent, their cruel mood
No longer keeping,
The murderers stare
On the dead Lamb with eyes that no more rude
With malice glare.

The pall has left the sky; the breeze comes sweeping
Over the Mount; all other sounds subdu'd
As if the slain were sleeping, —
Save from the women weeping
Around the rood.

O for the wo we bear!
The Lord of Heaven
By angels view'd
Between two sinful men stretch'd bleeding there,
Mangled and nude.
O for the wo! lo, they to whom 't is given
The Incarnate God for sepulture prepare.
The Mother sits heart-riven,
Weeps the frail Mary driven
Nigh to despair.

Triumph now Hell's grim brood,
In harsh song yelling
Their blitheness rare.
They see but shame and torture in the rood,
Wo and despair.
But other sounds will shake their flame-girt dwelling,
When from the vault the Lord, with power indu'd,
Returns to Heaven, dispelling
The grief our hearts now swelling,
With happier mood.

Raph. Hell's joy is futile as our wo in Heaven,
And more unmeet.
It is our triumph now and their defeat.
The heart of Mary may with grief be riven;
But in that pallid, blood-stain'd human shape,
The Almighty Father sees His Chosen One,
The Lamb through whose atoning blood escape
Eve's forfeit race, even those by whom is done
This deed of shame, and owns with joy the Son,
Whose fight with mortal trials, well begun,
Is now complete.

Mich. Wait not until the Sepulchre shall ope:
Now, now rejoice.
Those livid limbs need not the hue of hope
To color them with beauty like the rose,
And the red wounds, through which no longer flows
The Virgin's blood,
Have each for fallen man a voice,
Would he but listen, loud as Ocean's flood.

Raph. Deep in the listening skies
The accents penetrate: Rejoice! it cries.
Ascends to grateful Heaven the tone,
The death-cry of the slaughter'd one,
The Lamb of Sacrifice.

Mich. And lo, the awe-hush'd Seraphim
Lift up the clos'd lids of their glowing eyes.
And soon their rapture-breathing song shall rise
In ecstacy of grateful love to Him,
The Light from its own brightness dim,

The Source Unseen where, bubbling to the brim,
The Fount of Being lies.

Raph. And see, the eternal lights divine
That circle round the aye-hidden Throne,
Orb within orb of fire,
Begin with wonted blaze to shine.
The flame within, whose awful glare alone
No Seraph's eyes dare gaze upon,
Will upward soon aspire.

Mich. And hark, again the ecstatic tone
Struck from each golden lyre!

Chorus.

Joy in the Highest! Ere
Earth's star has risen
Three times, the tomb shall tear
Open its prison.

Then shall the Lord appear
In his soul's whiteness,
No crown his brow shall wear,
Only its brightness.

Not while the World shall last
Men shall more view him,
Not till the trumpet's blast
Summons them to him.

Then shall the gates of Hell
Open more never,
Then shall the righteous dwell
With him forever.

Oh come, thou welcome time,
When the Lord, risen,
Leaves the World's wo and crime
With the tomb's prison!

Scene IV.

As in Act II., Sc. 1.

Lucifer. Beelzebub. Chorus of Evil Spirits.

Chorus.

Flames that circle Hell,
Lift your waves rejoicing,
With your roar loud-voicing
What we feel so well,

O'er the wo of Heaven,
Whence we fell.

For the deed is done.
In the Earth's chill air,
Naked, nail'd, and bleeding,
Stretch'd upon the tree,
Suffering pains exceeding
Those we hourly bear,
Pains the Christ might shun,
Will'd he to be free,
See stretch'd bleeding there,
On the midmost tree,
'Twixt a robber pair,
God's anointed Son.
On his pain-drawn brow
Beads of sweat are lying,
With the blood-drops vying
Oozing large and slow
Through his thorn-crown'd hair.

See that head droop low;
See the red stream falling
Down his side, and now
Hear his pale lips calling,
Calling Heaven to spare,
In a prayer,
Where if human weakness,

Conquering his meekness,
Forces not a groan,
Yet is all the tone
Of despair.

Ah, the head droops lower,
Ah, the blood drops slower,
Listless is his air.
Look, ye sons of Heaven!
We, the unforgiven,
Do we triumph there?
Wounds that we are feeling
Find therein their healing,
Though that blood be sealing
Our despair.

Let the tomb close o'er him,
Let his Saints deplore him,
Hosts in Heaven adore him;
Ours is not the loss.
Weary though we languish,
Though with heart's pain aching,
Yet our woes find slaking
In the sweat and anguish
Of the Cross.

Lucif. Peace, thoughtless that ye are! 'T is true I said
The Incarnate God was dying, true, is dead.
But this is not our triumph; and your song,
So ill elate,

Should rather wail the dead, whose human fate
Sets free mankind and makes your chains more strong.

Beelz. How should that be? The disappointed Jews,
Who look for their Messiah in a king,
Even common faith refuse
To all the man-god's works, and lend no ear
To what their prophets sung, and, should he rise
Before them all, would close their bigot eyes,
And to their disbelief more closely cling,
Though they should angels hear.

Lucif. 'T is not the risen Christ, the dead I fear.
Those wounds, that sweat, that dying cry to God,
These are the traits which in all time to come
Shall make him lov'd wherever man has trod,
And keep the skeptic dumb.
The soul that had its sorrows like their own,
The Virgin Mother that bewail'd her son,
The tortur'd flesh, the heart-wrung prayer, the groan,
By these will faith be won.
Man keeps for man alone his sympathies,
And truly follows only what he sees.
Before the God unseen, the Christ ensky'd,
The knee may worship, but the thoughts run wide:
But paint the blood-stain'd rood, or, scene more mild,
The earth-born Mother with her sleeping Child,
The heart then bends, self-love, enlarged, refin'd,
Lends its warm color to the colder mind;
Each woman smiles as Mary's self has smil'd,
And nobler man his steadfast spirit's pride
And suffering frame, where torment is beguil'd

By sense of wrong inflicted and defy'd,
Sees in Christ crucify'd.

Beelz. Fades then our hope in air? Not such of late
Spok'st thou this god. Now stoop'st thou to admire?

Lucif. Ay, without stint, though all the while I hate.
Shall I be blind where mope-ey'd mortals see?
Were I not what I am, I would be He.
And yet, I fling defiance unto fate,
Here, in this realm of fire,
Where even though thou, and all, of wo should tire
And bend in penitence the adoring knee,
I am what I have been, and dare be free
Despite both Son and Sire.
No, all is as before. Though Christ has bled,
Yet Man shall not yet bruise the Serpent's head.
He who has once beguil'd can still deceive,
And Adam's heirs are yet the sons of Eve.
Some will be better'd, but, while tongues adore,
Man's carnal heart beats stubborn as before.
The common work none perfect, all begin,
And what the Christian worship, yet to be,
Shall bid men flee from as the Devil and Sin,
Shall tempt, delight, and torture, o'er and o'er,
And, like their Mother, make them slaves to me,
Till the last Conflagration sets them free,
And time, and Earth, and Hell shall be no more.

Beelz. Then raise again your joy-song as before,
Ye Spirits who float upon this sulphurous air,
And pierce the Heaven, which was your home of yore,
With notes of exultation and of scorn;

For grief shall find an echo even there,
While Adam's sons of Adam's flesh are born
And Eve's frail kind shall suckle those they bear.

CHORUS — *in the distance.*

Flames that circle Hell,
Lift your waves rejoicing,
With your roar loud-voicing
What we feel so well,
O'er the wo of Heaven,
Whence we fell.

NOTES

NOTES TO CALVARY

1.—P. 6. *Since the hid daggers of my faithful men*, &c.] Ὑδατων δε επαγωγην εις τα Ἱεροσολυμα, κ.τ.λ. In brief, thus: Pilate introduced water into Jerusalem at the expense of the sacred treasure. The Jews took this in dudgeon, and in great crowds—which the historian has exaggerated into myriads (πολλαι ... μυριαδες) endeavored to force him by their tumult to desist, using even personal abuse. The Procurator thereupon had some of his soldiers dressed in the Jewish garb, who carried cudgels under their habits (σκυταλας ὑπο ταις στολαις);*

* Σκυταλας is translated by Hudson (*Oxon.* in fol. 1720. t. ii. p. 798) "*sicas*," and by Whiston with the corresponding, "daggers." But the word cannot signify, in this place, anything but either *scourges* (leathern: Th. σκυτος, *corium*) or *cudgels*; and I see Gelenius gives it this latter sense: "clam armatos *fustibus*" (*Antiq.* fol. Lugd., 1566): the correctness of which is confirmed by another account of the same affair in the *History*, where Josephus uses the word ξυλοις, which indicates the very material, *wood* (sticks), though that the use of the dagger, or of the short Roman sword, is implied, might be supposed from what the historian subsequently says, when recording the result: ὡστε αοπλοι ληφθεντες ὑπ' ανδρων εκ παρασκευης επιφερομενων, πολλοι μεν αυτων ταυτη και απεθνησκον, οἱ δε και τραυματιαι ανεχωρησαν. But unfortu-

and when the assemblage refused to disperse, these men, at a preconcerted signal, began to lay about them indiscriminately, and with a severity that transcended their orders. The Jews with their national obstinacy persisting, the soldiers, it would seem, for it is not directly asserted, used their ordinary weapons against the unarmed multitude, so that many perished and others departed wounded. Jos. *Antiq.*, lib. xviii. c. 3. *ex ed.* Richter, in 12mo. *Lips.* 1826. t. iv. p. 131, *sq.*

2.—P. 7. *To Antipas for sentence.*] Two of the other readings may serve to elucidate the text.

——————— Send him then
To Antipas. I would have peace restor'd
'Twixt him and me; and this man, thus remanded,

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nately for this supposition, Josephus has, in his usual way, with some variations and contradictions, repeated, as I have said, the story in his *Wars*, and there we have not only a renewed evidence of Pilate's moderation, who positively forbid the use of the sword (ξιφει μεν χρησασθαι κωλυσας), but the result is made to arise solely from the cudgeling and from the precipitation of the crowd who trod down one another in their flight: Τυπτομενοι δε οι Ιουδαιοι, πολλοι μεν υπο των πληγων, πολλοι δε υπο σφων αυτων εν τη φυγη καταπατηθεντες απολωντο. *Bell. Jud.* Lib. II. c. ix. § 4. p. 219. t. vi. ed. supra cit. As there is a doubt however,—for here too the soldiers are described as *armed*,—I have chosen that phrase which suits best my occasion.

I may add that Eusebius, who quotes this passage from the History entire, (*Hist. Eccles.* II. c. vi. p. 154, sq. t. xx. *Patrologiæ Græc. ed.* Migne. *Par.* 8°. 1857,) speaks of this disastrous tumult as if it were a punishment for the crucifixion of the Saviour. Was it then *after* that event? But he has committed an error, as the commentator shows (*ib.*), directly before it, in ascribing alike to the divine vengeance the tumult occasioned by the introduction of the Roman ensigns with their images, (*Bell. Jud.* xx. ix. 2 & 3,.) whereas we are told that that happened in the beginning of the administration of Pilate, which was in the 12th year of Tiberius, three years before Christ's baptism.

Will show the Tetrarch, when the rebel blood
Of Galileans stain'd my soldiers' swords,
I thought not of his rights, and meant no scorn.

Otherwise:

Will show the Tetrarch, 'twas not in my thought
To invade his jurisdiction, when the blood
Of Galileans stain'd my soldiers' swords.

See *Luke* xiii. 1. and xxiii. 6, 7. and a note in Whiston at the preceding passage of Josephus.

3.—P. 24. ... *the sea which God loves.*] The Sea of Galilee. A proverbial expression with the ancient Jews.

4.—P. 52. *Beware thou then ... for God decrees In retribution violent ends to those Who practice violence.*] According to Eusebius, who gives a little chapter of his History especially to the event, Pilate was reported to have fallen, in the reign of Caius, into such calamities, that in sheer desperation * he became his own destroyer and self-punisher, vindicating thus the divine justice: της θειας, ὡς εοικε, δικης ουκ εις μακρον αυτον μετελθουσης. *Hist. Eccl.* II. 7. *ex recens.* BURTON; *Oxon.* in 8°. 1845; p. 40. The same still more briefly in *Chronicor. Lib.* II. (*ap.* Migne, *ubi cit.* xix. p. 557–8). But here he advances as authority

* In a note on the phrase, εξ αναγκης, the commentator in Migne (*Patrolog. Græc.* t. xx. p. 155) cites King Agrippa (*ap. Philon. in Legat. ad Caium*), who, having been an eye-witness of the doings of Pilate, describes his character. Apart from the man's natural disposition, which is said to have been unyielding, arrogant and harsh, his corruptibility, rapacity, and acts of oppression, and of violence even to homicide, were not peculiar to him as a Roman governor in the times of the Empire.

certain unnamed writers of Roman story—ὡς φασιν οἱ τα Ῥωμαιων συγγραψαμενοι—as before he had ascribed the tale to certain Greek chroniclers.†

† What degree of credit may be assigned to Eusebius as a narrator of events may be judged by what Scaliger says: "Eusebius, quo nullus ecclesiasticorum veterum plura ad historiam Christianismi contulit; nullus plura errata in scriptis suis reliquit, &c.—(*in Elencho Trihær.* c. 27. *Veter. Testim. c. Euseb.* in *Patrol. Græc.* t. xix. p. 98.) The same (*ib. cit.*), assigns him much reading, but little judgment.

VIRGINIA

MDCCCXLVII

CHARACTERS

Primary

Lucius Icilius, *plebeian of tribunitial rank.*
Appius Claudius, *chief decemvir.*
Lucius Valerius Potitus, } *senators of consular rank, hostile to the Decemvirs and friendly to the rights of the people.*
Marcus Horatius Barbatus, }
Spurius Oppius, *colleague of Appius in the city.*
Lucius Virginius, *father of Virginia.*
Marcus Claudius, *client of Appius.*
Aulus Lucretius, } *senators,*
Titus Quinctius, } *friends of Horatius and Valerius.*
Publius Numitorius, *maternal uncle of Virginia.*

Virginia.
Icilia, *sister of Icilius.*
Livia, *a creature of M. Claudius.*

Of secondary importance

2d Citizen.
1st Citizen.
A Matron (termed in the final scene 1*st Matron.*)

Other persons — of no distinctive character

Caius Numitorius, *son of Publius, and Virginia's cousin.*
Quintus Icilius, *brother of Lucius.*
A Letter-Carrier (*Tabellarius*) *of Appius.*
Lucilla, *Virginia's nurse.*

Citizens; Matrons; Nobles, partisans of Appius; Lictors; Soldiers; a Messenger in waiting; a Herald or Crier.

Scene. *Various places in Rome — chiefly at the Forum. In Act III., Sc. 3, in a diversorium (or inn) near Rome.*
Time. *That occupied by the representation.*
Costumes. *Those of the early republic.*

VIRGINIA

Act the First

Scene I. A room in the house of Appius Claudius.

Appius; Spurius Oppius;
with certain young Nobles, *partisans*
of Appius. — *At a little distance*, Marcus Claudius.

Spur. Yet, have a care! Stretch thou the cord too much,
It snaps i' the midst, and the recoil offends thee.
App. Tush! Know I not the strength of every strand?
'T will bear the strain. I'll force the dull mass down,
Set my foot on it, and so keep it there,
Till ye have drawn the string. 'T is not a hydra;
And if it were, we nobles in our strength
Wield the huge club should crush its thousand heads.
If not, so be it! retire; and I alone,
As my great-grandsire, the first Appius, swore,
Alone will do it!

Spur. And alone will fail.
Thou speak'st as if the people were one mass!
With all its heads, the snake had but one body;
This has more bodies, though it has fewer heads.
App. I speak of it as it is; one mass, one head,
Flock, if thou wilt, of many thousand sheep.
A single man may pin them in one fold.
A Noble. And sheer, and slaughter them.
Spur. But then, observe,
He feeds them too. 'T is what the unfolded flock,
Our people, bleat for: *Give us lands*, they cry.
Noble. And free us of our collars.
App. And what else?
Let the brutes earn their freedom first. For lands —
When they have paid for what they browze on, why ——
It is not many years since Caius Marcius
Drove, all but single-handed, troop on troop
Of Volscians back into Corioli,
And fired it in their faces. Know ye why?
They were the rabblement, your bleating sheep.
He knew and scorn'd them. And they bent their backs,
Because their hearts were craven and they felt
He knew and scorn'd them. Had he back'd one step —
On his Mars-visage had they read one doubt —
They had turn'd, as curs do; and his after-name
Caius had lack'd.
Spur. What did it profit him?
He show'd the same mien to the people here —
Flouted their tribunes — and, with all his valor,
He died in exile.

App. Ay — because he flinch'd.
Thou mayst look, Spurius; 't is the naked fact.
Did not all Rome lie prostrate at his feet,
Bleeding, exhausted? grovel in the dust,
Admit his wrongs, and pray to be forgiven?
He might have made conditions, as I would,
And bound the rabble in their chains for ever.
But in his heart, right royal though it was ——
Why look ye frighten'd? all your hearts, I trust,
Are royal — that is, made for kingly rule,
As fits a noble, though he be of Rome.
And Caius' heart was royal, though not strong,
Not wholly so; it hid one tender spot.
His wife and mother kneel'd to him; and the face
That scar'd a thousand foes wept woman's tears.

Spur. Wouldst thou have trod upon the womb that bore thee?

App. Why, no; I see no need of that: I had bid
The woman mind her spinning, and stepp'd over.
By Hercules! methinks that with my twelve
Poor lictors, I alone could awe this mob!
But while our colleagues, and you, noble friends,
Stand by our side, against our serried force
What shall make head? The Fabii all alone,
Six and three-hundred only, but all born
Patrician as are we, against a host
Stood up and battled ——

Spur. And fell down, and died,
All to a man.

App. Thou bird of evil omen!

The shadow of thy wings, three times this hour,[1]
Hath gloom'd my sunniest prospect. I had thought
Thou, Spurius, wast my right hand.

Spur. And I am.

The wings thou givest me flap before thine eyes,
Not to deter, but check. The gloom they cast
Is transient, partial, chills not, and is needed.
Thy ardent temper spreads a light too broad,
Too vivid on thy outward path. All shines,
One blaze of sunlight; crags look smooth, and chasms
Show no disruption — where thou 'lt find, too soon,
Rocks Atlas-high, and fissures deep as Hell.

App. Does the way fright thee?

Spur. Scarcely more than thee.
And 't were too late. If thou go down, my head,
Be sure, rests not unmuffled.

App. Now, no more. —
Are we resolv'd? The senate, all our order,
Will not erase one letter of their rights;
And the decemvirate shall not expire,
To give place to the people's tribunes?

All nobles. No!

Spur. Valerius and Horatius would say, Ay.

App. Lucius Valerius! Have not all his name
Cring'd to the rabble, since the consul's day,
Who bow'd his valiant knee to this mud idol,
And gain'd —— what for it? The people laid him out![2]
He had not left an ounce to pay for torches,
This good Publicola! Odious after-name!

Spur. Thou need'st not fear; no Claudius will deserve it.

App. No Appius has. The people, did they hate
My grandsire, as his sire, fear'd him more.
They honor'd too his obsequies, for all
Their tribunes' clamor. Let them honor mine,
I reck not; but I will be fear'd as he.
I set not, I, the goddess of the sewers
Above high Jove! — For young Horatius' voice,
'T is not so potent as a tribune's veto.
Spur. Yet has a clear loud tone that makes it heard.
Witness that day, so recent, when our right
To call the senate for the instant war
Met question. Thou might'st thank Cornelius then,
When Lucius from the senate-porch made cry
Unto the people, his arms about thee cast
Sav'd thee from violence, and us both from ruin.[3]
The Fathers all, but that they hate the commons,
Would join these madmen, and the temple's walls,
Sacred in vain, once more reverberate
The tribunes' thunder — haply from the throne
Of thy sworn enemy, Icilius.
App. Ah! ——
Thou dost remind me. — Noble friends! to-night
Meet we again in secret, and our plans,
Already ripening, make mature. The sun
Warns me we nigh to mid-day, when I sit
For justice. Kæso, bring thy brother over.
Thy uncle, Op'iter, shall have all he asks.
Mutius, thou wilt not fail me? All, farewell.
[*Exeunt Nobles.*

Spur. 'T was time.

App. Most true. Thy evil genius, Spurius,
Had got dominion of thee. Was it well,
To cross my arguments, and fright those boys?

Spur. Who need no Pan. Didst thou not note, thyself,
How pale they grew? thou didst but hint at kings.
Thou art too fiery.

App. And thou waxest cold.

Spur. I have had a dream.

App. A dream!

Spur. 'T was at mid-day.
I saw the tender spot, which Marcius had,
Spread over thy whole heart, and Rome again
Lost to her conqueror for a woman's tear.

App. Thou hast no mercy.

Spur. Will the people have?
Was there in Rome no other girl but this?
Virginius' daughter, and the plighted spouse
Of dread Icilius! If the father's merit
Wake not the mob, that will the lover's tongue.
Were she hedg'd in with fire, 't were peril less
To come at her. — Thou heed'st me not. I see,
The madness which no hellebore can heal
Will have its course. I leave thee to thy client.

[*Exit.*

App. Come hither, Marcus. Is this thing of thine ——
How didst thou name her?

Mar. Livia, noble patron.

App. Is she prepar'd? Will she go through the part?

Mar. Through, and with spirit, such as gives revenge.
The wrong she fancies that Virginius did her, —
Some such a wrong as one might do a fig,
Who found it rotten, throwing it away, —
This rankles in her heart — and that, a woman's.
I'll answer for her.

App. Do my lictors wait?

Mar. They guard the vestibule, most noble Appius.

App. While thou shalt help me to dispose my mantle,[4]
I'll question further. — This way. — But, remember!
I'll have no stumbling. If she trips, her life
Shall pay for it.

Mar. My own upon her faith!

Scene II.

The Atrium, or quadrangular Hall, in the house of Icilius.

Virginia, *with spindle and distaff, spinning wool.*
Icilia, *weaving at a small loom (before which she stands, as in the antique fashion, working upwards).*
A little distance removed, but seated, Virginia's nurse, winding the thread for Virginia.

Ica. Our fears, I have heard my brother say, Virginia,
Make omens for us, and our heart's own hue
Gives accidental color to these things
Which in themselves are nothing. Not but Jove,
In matters which concern the general weal,
May give us warnings, which his augurs gather,
From the dread thunder, or from birds and beasts:
But that each atom of the mighty mass
Should for its pettiest movements need, or needing,
Receive celestial guidance, staggers sense,
And blasphemously littles the great gods above us.
Va. How well thou talkest!
Ica. It is Lucius, all. —
That sweet lip's sadness, let my kiss dispel it.
The thrill of thy heart's longing makes thee tremble: —
Two little days, and thou and Lucius one!
It seems a dream: thou fearest to awaken.
This must be all. The vile decemvir's passion
Cannot affright thee now. Thy valiant father
Ere sunset will have come: the pressing message,

Borne by thy cousin and my brother Quintus,
Leaves him no choice.

Va. Ah, did he know the cause!
That Rome, to guard whose honor, though already
Defended by a thousand hearts as brave
As his, his pious breast is bar'd in Algidum,
Cannot from insult shield the motherless girl
His absence orphans! —

Ica. Better as it is.
His wrath, already, for the people's sake,
Kindled against the usurping Ten, might there,
There where alone their power can reach his life,
Burst into flame. Enough, and all too soon,
When he shall come. For Lucius ——

Va. Never,
O never, may he know it!

Ica. Not at least
Till Hymen's torch is lighted, and the couch
Here spread i' the hall bids mystery henceforth cease
Twixt him and thee; when the flame-color'd veil
Deepens thy blushes, and the fring'd robe is on thee
Whose purple border I am weaving now,
And, girded with the woolen belt whose knot
My brother's hand alone shall loose, thou standest
Trembling beneath the garland-cover'd porch,
And greet'st him with the soft yet solemn form,
Where thou art Caius, I am Caia; when,
In fine, thou art plainly as in heart my sister,
Virginia Icilii. See, Lucilla, see!

Her sadness has all vanish'd; and her cheek —
Love's own is not more rubious! Happy brother!—
Tell me, my sister, tell me now, for what
Lov'st thou our Lucius most? Is 't for his form?
His stately step? or for his manly brow?
Or that he is good? or for his eloquent tongue,
Or valiant heart? or ——

Va. Why not say for all?
For all he is dear to me, as he is to thee;
But most for what endears him to the people:
For his upright soul, for that he dares be just,
Scorning all falsehood, and more proud to be
One of the down-trod commons, from whose limbs
With his own breast he wards the crushing heel,
Than head of the cruel Claudii, whose proud lords,
From Attus down, have kept their iron feet
Ever upon the people's neck, nor lift it
But just so much as may give room to breathe.
For this my father loves him, and for this
He bade me, pointing to the people's hearths,
Where everywhere Icilius' image stands,
Invisible but distinct, nor dreads their smoke,
Sole tutelar-god, he bade me, if I could,
To make him too my house-god, by the hearth
Of my yet virgin feelings shrin'd for ever;
And — and [*throwing herself on Icilia's breast.*
— I did.

Ica. [*soothing her.*] Nor art asham'd, I hope,

To have done it. Weeping? — Silly child! —— Who comes?

Enter, from the door of the hall, LIVIA, *meanly dressed. Her cloak, drawn over her head, hides her features.*

Liv. Asks that the sister of the good Icilius?
Protector of the poor, here in his house
The word for the poor is "Welcome," not "Who comes?"
Ica. Welcome then, mother.
Liv. I am not so old
To be thy mother; neither am I fit
To sit before ye [*as the nurse, at Ica.'s beck, places before her a stool.*] — though this slave may do it.
Ica. Fie, woman! If thou know'st Icilius, know
His house permits no slight on those it covers,
As his true heart reproaches no condition.
What wouldst thou?
Liv. Charity.
Ica. That thou shalt have.
What is thy need?
Liv. I rent a wretched shed
Of Marcus Claudius, the decemvir's client,
And pander to his pleasures. Dost thou shrink, [*to Va., who draws up to Icilia.*
My pretty maiden? 'T is a bold, bad man.
Ica. Spare mention of him, and proceed.
Liv. The rent,
Full five denarii, has consum'd my all.[6]
Ica. Thou shalt have money. [*Exit.*

Liv. [*to the nurse.*] 'T is a mettled maid,
Most like her brother. But this timid child
Savors not of him. She is scarce so near?

Nurse. Yet will be nearer soon, as dearer now.

Va. Hush, my Lucilla! To a stranger, this ——

Liv. May yet have interest. Thou art, well I see,
The brave Virginius' daughter, and for him,
As for Icilius, guardians of our rights,
Foes to our wrongers, may this breast beat kindly,
Though rude my speech — as oft with the unhappy.
On these auspicious nuptials, Juno Pro'nuba,
Shower down thy joys, and bless united Rome!
Shall our Icilius — he belongs to all —
Be happy soon?

Nurse. In two brief days from now.

Enter Icilia.

Ica. Take these few sextants for thy present need.
Icilius, when he comes, shall give thee more. —
Behold him!

Enter Icilius.

Icilius. My Virginia! —— Sister! —— What!
A stranger?

Liv. [*to Ica.*] Jove the Hospitable quite you!
[*hurrying out.*

Icil. Stay. Why this haste? My coming should not frighten
Whom my house renders grateful. Art thou poor?
I am Icilius, and Icilius' heart

Yearns for the needy, as his weaker brethren
Whom Heaven is pleas'd to humble, but whom men
Must pity and love, or they most foully sin.
Let me look on thee. Thou art of the people.
Why shouldst thou shroud thy face? Icilius' blood
Boasts not that noble taint which puffs the heart
Spite of the sepulchre; nor has hoarded brass
Made him wealth-swollen. So. What! do I dream?
Thou art —— Know'st thou Virginius? Art thou dumb,
Yet tremblest? Woman, I like not thy looks.
Yet I will not condemn thee. Go in peace.
Icilius' house is open to the poor,
But for the vicious has no room, till empty.

Liv. Thou art Icilius. In thy inmost heart
Rankles the pride thou spurnest in the noble.
Plume thy false feathers. In a little while,
They will be ruffled, never more to smooth.
I see the beak that 's whetted for thy gore,
And for Virginius'! — Take thy niggard brass,
Thou scornful maiden. [*flinging the money towards Ica.*] May its scanty ounces
Weigh like a thousand pounds upon thy spirit.
To the infernal gods this house I consecrate! [*Exit.*

Icil. Weep not, Virginia; turn not pale, my sister.
Think ye the curses of an impious heart
Can sway high Jove, or speed the shears of fate?

Va. Alas, I weep not therefore, though my heart
Shrunk in me, quailing under her fierce eyes,
Whose gaze made cold my blood. Icilia too,
Forgetful of her gentle spirit, spoke brief.

Ica. She pleas'd me not; and I am Lucius' sister:
I cannot make my tongue belie my heart.
Icil. Heaven plants in us these instincts for our good.
The dullest hound the man that likes him not
Knows by the look; and in its nurse's arms
The child makes like distinction, though around it
All seem to smile and fondle it alike.
The dog, being dumb, his vigilance retains;
The man, no longer mute, neglects the gift;
And oft the small voice of a passing doubt,
Unlisten'd as irrational, recurs,
Alas too late when echoed by regret.
What troubles thee, Virginia?
Va. To this stranger
Thou nam'dst my father, Lucius.
Icil. 'T was my thought
I saw a Volscian woman thy sire knew,
And knowing scorn'd. What was her plea for alms?
Ica. She talk'd of hardship — beggary by her rent
Paid Claudius, Appius' client.
Icil. A strange tale,
To have so strange an ending! Claudius! tool
Of the deprav'd decemvir! — What means this?
Why look ye one to the other so confus'd?
What should two innocent girls know of this man?
Ica. Virginia, I must speak.
Va. No, no! not yet!
I do beseech thee, my Icilia, not!
Icil. Virginia, is that right? When on thy finger
I put this iron ring, plain like my truth,

And solid like to it, I deem'd our hearts
Were as its circle, that nor mine nor thine
Show'd where the one began, the other ended.
Why this reserve?

Va. For thy sake, not for mine,
Believe me, Lucius!

Icil. Is not Lucius fit
To be entrusted with his own protection?

Va. Ask me no more — not now. It does not rest,
Should not with me, an ignorant girl, to judge
If I may speak. Before the sun be down,
My father, sent for ——

Icil. Sent for? Who did that?

Ica. I did, my brother. 'T was not rashly done.

Icil. Yet two days hence, Virginius would be here!
Now is it strange, that I, Virginius' friend,
Chosen by Virginius for Virginius' son,
Should have no voice to speak in an affair
Seeming so urgent for Virginius' sake!

Va. Oh! no, thou wilt not say so, when thou knowest!
Icilia, speak for me. As Lucius' spouse,
Could I do otherwise, not self-condemn'd?

Ica. Had Lucius' sister else encourag'd thee?

Icil. Forgive me. Jealous though my mind, its trust
Is boundless in your loves and matchless faith.
I will have patience. Does Virginius know?

Va. Nothing; and for like reason. I had pray'd
Thou might'st be spar'd this grievance. Now, alas!
Thou must know all; and from my father's lips
Thou shalt. O Lucius! ——

Icil. Why that mournful look?
Why do those eyes so sadly fix on mine,
And swim in tears?

Va. I know not; but my soul
Is sore disquieted; a ceaseless dread
Of ill impending, shadowy-vague, yet vast,
Weighs down my spirit. Even as I gaze,
'T seems as a mist rose like a veil between us
And shut thee from my sight, which strives in vain
To catch thy fading features. Do not leave me!
Stay by me, Lucius! [*throwing herself on his breast and sobbing.*

Icil. Will I not forever?
My arms encircle thee: what shouldst thou fear?
This is some sickness that distracts the brain.
Thou hast look'd pale of late, and thy blue orbs
Are purpled underneath with heavy watching.
Why dost thou shake thy head? That untold tale!
Thou fill'st me with disquiet, and my man's-heart,
Though now thy pillow, trembles with a fear
Would mate thy own. Alas! and 't is a moment
Icilius needs his courage, for Rome's sake!

Ica. This must not be. Cheer up, Virginia, sister!
Art thou Virginius' daughter, and of Rome?

Va. I am Virginius' daughter, and a Roman:
I try, for Lucius' sake, to look less sad;
But the weak heart will not be school'd. Bear with me;
I shall be better soon. Thou wilt not leave me?
Not till my father comes?

Icil. Unhappy chance!

I had —— No matter: 't is the only time
Icilius has broke faith. I will not leave thee.
No custom'd cause would move thee thus. The gods
Perhaps give warning ——

Va. Never, to break faith.
If thou art promis'd elsewhere, go. My love
Lives in thine honor only: to love less
Were not to love Icilius.

Icil. Peerless maid!
Thou leading and sustaining, virtue's height
Is no-way hard to climb. — But should he leave thee,
What heart, Virginia, could Icilius have?
What power of judgment? Thy distress, his fears,
Doubt, and conjecture, would pursue him still,
And Rome's best interests suffer. Let me stay!

Va. Before I knew thee, Rome had all my love.
When, happy in thy suit, my indulgent sire
Would have me listen it, he bade me note,
First of thy virtues, love of Rome and freedom.
For my love's sake were 't well, Icilius, then,
To wrong that virtue which first won my love?
Forget my passing weakness. Ere the night,
Rome's liberty shall be, even for my sake,
And for thy own, a thousand-fold more dear.

Icil. Strange riddle! which I dare not try to read. —
Thou wilt await my coming back?

Va. No, no:
Thy duties might be slighted; and for me,
My tarrying long might make me found too slack
To meet my father.

Icil. Now, the all-conscious gods,
Thou dear Virginia, mark thy worth and bless thee!
Thou mak'st my passion reason, that before
Was happy impulse. — On the homeward way,
Passing the Forum, I shall look to join thee:
But at thy uncle's, surely. [*Exit.*

Ica. Why, Virginia!
Had the gate clos'd upon Icilius dead,
Thou could'st not look more blank.

Va. 'T is all the same.
There is a weight here [*pressing her heart.*] crushes out my life;
And the gloom'd spirit whispers, as 't were Fate,
No torch shall light me — save unto the tomb.

Ica. Virginia! Are my brother's words so vain?
The statutes of the most high gods shall stand,
Nor hopes nor fears can alter them one jot.

Va. I know it, I feel it, and I am resign'd.
Yet, not the less, I shudder.

Ica. And thou dost!
This must be sickness.

Va. Oh yes, of the heart.
I would the night were, and my father come!

ICILIA *presses her soothingly to her bosom, whereon* VIRGINIA *has laid her head; and, slowly, the Scene changes.*

Scene III.

The Via Sacra — with the Forum, having the Capitoline Hill on the left, seen in the distance, — the street winding obliquely to the right into the Forum. — The houses, on either side of the street, are scattered, low of structure, and of humble appearance, as in the earlier days of the republic.

Valerius *and* Horatius.

Val. Thou doubt'st then, Marcus, Quinctius will make one?
Hor. I know not. If thou art Valerius, I
A true Horatius, Titus has no less
The blood should love the people. Would he stand
To Appius now, as opposite as his sire
Fronted his bloody colleague of that name,
'T were much. Not every heat gives fire. Few men
Burn like Icilius. Quinctius may yield smoke.
Val. Well! so it sting our enemy's eyes, not ours.
But see! Icilius! with his wonted stride.
By Hercules! but that his field 's the Forum,
Not the trench'd camp, he frowns [3] a second Marcius!
Hor. Not of the senate. Coriolanus' hate
Was not so strong as is Icilius' love,
To the down-trodden commons.
Val. It may be
With like extreme.
Hor. I think not. Yet if 't were,
Better, a thousand times, the unsparing hurricane

Of popular tumult, than the stifling calm
Of absolute power! That, its violence spent,
May leave the air of the commonweal more pure;
But from the dead stagnation of the other
What shall purge off its pestilent miasms,
And make it vital?

Val. Why, another hurricane.
And lo! the Æolus shall loose the winds.

Enter Icilius.

Thy brow is overcast.

Icil. A passing cloud
Brought from the sky of home. The public sun
Shall leave no speck to o'ershadow you or me.
What of the senate, friends?

Val. A blank account,
Or unity the total.

Hor. Scarcely that.
We have but the half of a man, his soul being parted
'Twixt would and would not.

Icil. That is? ——

Val. Titus Quinctius.

Icil. His sire was lov'd of the soldiers.

Hor. But the son
Will never be lov'd of any — save his heir.
He comes! and —— How is this? Who is that beside him?

Val. Aulus Lucretius.

Hor. Is he mad? or dares

The hound betray us, thinking we are so?

Icil. Neither, or either. Either is all one.
We are no dark conspirators, though sworn
For the public good. What do we, that we do
In the light of day, as now: else were Icilius
None of your league.

Enter
TITUS QUINCTIUS *with* AULUS LUCRETIUS.

Be welcome, Titus Quinctius.
Thou knowest why we are met, and com'st resolv'd
To aid us, head and hand. But this, thy friend,
Aulus Lucretius? ——

Lucr. Is alike resolv'd.

Icil. I am Icilius, and I hold the people
The sole legitimate source of sovereign rule,
For that they are the many, and their thews
Strain to heave up, to prop and keep sustain'd,
The edifice whose chambers ye but fill.
Were Appius not your master as our tyrant,
My hate to your cruel order were not less,
And, the decemvirate overthrown, Icilius
Steps on its carcase, to do battle still
For freedom and the people's rights. Thou hearest: —
These are my motives. What are thine?

Lucr. I am
Lucretius, and the common folk of Rome
I have in hatred less than in disdain.
But is there eye so blear'd that sees not Appius

Striding to sovereign rule across our necks?
He cring'd to the people, and they set him o'er them.
He trod them down. He cringes now to us.
And Rome beholds the guardians of her state
Become mere servitors to the usurping Ten,
Whose plural tyranny even now is merging
Into the singular rule of this bold man.
I love my order, and will let no Tarquin
Level its pillars to rear himself a throne.
These are my motives.

Icil. And they please me little;
As does thy purpled tunic, which they suit.
But thou dost much; for thou 'rt a man; thy tongue
Fears not to utter what thy soul dares think.
Aulus, there is my hand.

Hor. And mine.

Val. And mine.

Icil. Thou seëst, Quinctius: not alone the commons,
But thine own order smarts beneath the yoke.
Hast thou not heard of Tarquin, nam'd the Proud?
What did he to the Fathers? Slept the axes
Then in the fasces? Let your house-gods tell.
War, peace, state-treaties, then no more were made
By council and allowance of the senate:
The State was Tarquin. Now, there reign ten Tarquins,
Girt with their twenty and a hundred axes,
Which soon will pale but one, and ported bare:[9]
Meet emblem of a spirit as haught and bloody
As that his prototype's, whose chariot-wheels
Crash'd through the butcher'd trunk of his wife's sire,

And made the street *Accursed* to this day! [10]

Quinc. Why speak so loud?

Icil. Because I would be heard.
Why ask not too why stand we here i' the street,
When a house-wall would shield us from the air,
And treason? Fear'st thou Appius?

Quinc. No; I fear
The unripeness of this complot. Should the people
Gather around us ——

Icil. They would spare me trouble:
I go to gather them. Should the tyrants come ——

Quinc. Lo, Oppius now!

Icil. Well: let him pass. What hinders?

Enter Spurius Oppius,

preceded by his twelve lictors, marching in file, one by one, with the fasces shouldered.

As they pass before the five, going up the street, Quinctius *gives way, and seems about to go, while* Icilius *and the rest maintain their ground,* Icilius *talking as they pass.*

Aulus Lucretius, seëst thou these fellows?
Now is it not a shame, that thou and I,
Valerius and Horatius, and all true men,
Whose blood boils at such insolent parade,
Should stand by quiet, when a private man,
Of no more right than ourselves, dares ape the king
Even in our faces?

Spur. Thou talkest big, Icilius.

Icil. Not bigger, Oppius, than I feel, or look,

Or mean to approve myself in act, some time.

Spur. That we shall see — some time. Move, lictors, on!

[*Exit, the procession, up the scene.*

Hor. Thou hast scar'd the heart out, of our Quinctius, Lucius.

Quinc. Perhaps not, Marcus: but, I thank Minerva,
'T is not so choleric as to choke my wit.

Hor. Thy wit having never life, that were not easy.

Quinc. And let me ask Icilius, is it wise
To taunt the enemy ere our battle 's order'd?

Icil. Our forces need not, nor would suffer order:
'T is here the people, and abroad the soldiers.
We leaders give the signal, and set on,
And the mass follow as their passions dictate.
Ours is no plot: was ever such with thousands?
Nor would such suit me: but the Ten have theirs,
Secret and sworn.

Quinc. A plot?

Lucr. With what intent?

Val. To make their power perpetual, set aside
The holding of elections, and destroy,
At least in part, the senate.

Lucr. Know'st thou this?
By honor's god! there 're some that sit i' the House,
Will not be tamely butcher'd. Who assist them?

Val. Some of the younger nobles, vicious friends,
Or followers more, of Appius.

[*Here* QUINCTIUS, *looking down the street, steals off in the direction of the Forum.*

Hor. Come with us:
This is no street-talk, and thou shalt hear that
Will make thee certain, while Icilius goes
To fire the people.

Lucr. Where is Quinctius?

Val. Look!
[*pointing down the street.*

Hor. What, Appius coming! I forgive him then.

Lucr. Still, thou mayst trust him.

Hor. True — for passive aid.

Enter,

in the same order as Oppius, Appius Claudius, — *the* 1*st Lictor holding, besides his fasces, a rod to clear the way. At a little distance from the decemvir, and aside*, Marcus Claudius, *his client.*

Icilius, *as before, keeps his place unmoved.*

1*st Lict.* Way! way, for the great decemvir! — Stand aside!
[*offering to touch Icil. with the rod.*

Icil. Aside! thou insolent slave! Aside! To whom?
Is it to thee, [*striding deliberately up to Appius, who, in turn, moves a step towards him.*
usurper of a charge
By law expired? Icilius bows to law,
Not to law-breakers, and gives place to no man,
Save whom the sovereign people set above him.

Enter
two or more CITIZENS, *in their tunics.*[11]

1*st Cit.* Worthy Icilius!

2*d Cit.* Out upon the tyrant!

App. Hot-headed fool! Must I bid strip the rods,
To scourge thee hence?

Icil. [*rushing on him.*] Now, by! ——

VALERIUS, HORATIUS, *and* LUCRETIUS *spring between the two, and at the same time keep off the lictors.*

Val. Quirites! freemen! } *Speaking together.*
Help your Icilius!
Hor. Break the fasces!
Lucr. Appius,
Go on your way, or! ——
App. Lictors, do your duty.
Beat back the rabble. Seize, bind, the ——
Marc. Cl. Noble patron!
This word. [*whispers a moment.*
App. O brave! — Forbear we once. Peace, all.
Icilius, I shall take a fitter time
To punish thy presumption: the tribunal
Waits now my sitting. Aulus, as for thee,
Thou knowest me now thy foe.
Lucr. And such, defy thee.
App. Move on! [*to the lictors.*] I yield — to triumph.
[*giving way to Icil. and smiling on him as he passes, — Icil. standing still.*

Exit, the procession, up the scene.

MARCUS, *loitering behind, stops in the background at a signal from* LIVIA, *who, in the disguise of Scene II., enters as* ICILIUS *turns to the Citizens.* LIVIA *goes up to* MARCUS, *and they whisper.*

Icil. Citizens,
Put on your mantles, gather your friends, the friends
Of law and liberty. On to the Forum. There
Wait me, but peaceful.
2d Cit. Peaceful! No; but quiet.
[*Exeunt Citiz.*
Icil. [*to Valer., etc.*
Brave friends! true senators! [*Sees Livia walking off with Marcus, and looking back at Icil. significantly, as they confer in whispers.*] Ah! — What means that?
Val. The cloud again, Icilius?
Icil. Ay, I fear
Its shadow this time threatens rain. Dost know
That woman?
Val. No; but he that whispers her
Is Appius' filthy pander. We may guess.
Icil. [*to himself.*] No — no — no — no. O let me not think that!
Val. [*softly.*] Let us away.
Hor. [*same.*] 'T is strange! What can it mean?

Lucr. [*same.*] Is he so often?

Val. Never so before.

He met us sadly. But the gloom was brief.

Icil. [*to himself.*] Horrid suggestion!

Lucr. 'T is not fit we stay.

[*Exeunt, quietly, the three senators.*

Icil. Was this thy dark foreboding, poor Virginia? —
But the dread arrow shall have other mark!
Help, ye avenging Furies! [*moving rapidly up the scene.*] — I am mad. [*coming back slowly.*
On mere suspicion! — Appius would not dare,
So plac'd, so hated: daring, what his means?
No, no! 't is but a fancy, — yet a fancy
So horrid-torturing, my tough heart cracks,
And my brain seems unsettled. — My Virginia!

The drop falls.

Act the Second

Scene I. The Forum.

In front, at the upper part of the scene, the tribunal, with the curule chair. On the right [left of spectators], *a row of seven shops under a portico, and, between the shops and the tribunal, the statue of Venus Cloacina.*[a]— *On the left, Citizens move about, or converse in groups.* — *Lictors ranged on either side of the tribunal.*

Appius *and* Marcus.

App. Two days, sayst thou? It must not, shall not be,
Even if I touch his life! But that were rash.
Marcus, thy plan. Give 't instant execution.
Is the hag ready?

Marc. Always. And the time
Seems opportune. Her sire at the camp, Virginia
Dwells with her uncle, and her way now home
Crosses the Forum. But she may not come.

App. Why dost thou dash my hopes?

Marc. Because, dread patron,
Livia's detection must alarm the maid,
May keep her hous'd.

App. Besiege the door.

Marc. A violence
So bold might startle even thy subject Rome.
This would I say: in case the girl come not,

Virginius must be stay'd, to give us time.

App. Or if she come. Well thought! Till I have tam'd
This bird to her perch, and taught her know my call.
Thy tablets — quick! and style. [*Marcus takes them from the lap of his mantle, and Appius writes rapidly one or two lines.*
See that my messenger,
My speediest, carries this in all haste to Algidum.
Thou 'lt see to whom. And bid him shun Virginius.

Marc. Were 't not best, first transcribe it on a leaf?

App. No, waste no time. Thou think'st they be alarm'd.
They might then get before us. Haste thou back.
Revenge has given new edge to my desire.
[*Exit* Marcus.
But what will come of it? Have I thought that well?
To achieve this loathing maid, what do I hazard?
The crown I 'd clutch, whose visionary round
Burns on my temples nightly. What if more?
The father's virtues, and the popular name
Of the affianc'd lover, may rouse this Rome
Which I have drugg'd to so deep slumber; and then! —
I see — O horror! 't is the new Lucretia,
Dead in her father's arms! the bloody knife,
Smoking and dripping, lifted! Brutus calls,
With arms spread out, upon the gods of Hell!
Was that crash thunder? 'T is the o'erthrown tribunal —
Lictors and fasces trampled down together!
The rabble like a pack of wolves rush on me!
How their throats yell! I hear their panting! nearer —

Nearer! Their hot breath scorches! Help! oh, help!
[*aloud, and running.*
'T is nothing, men: I did but clear my throat.
[*The lictors, who had advanced to him at his cry, resume their station.*
A horrid dream! But this, the Forum [*looking around him with a shudder.*] — sunlight:
I am awake, and still decemvir, still
Decemvir paramount! — and will be — more.
Yet, oh! — Virginia! [*with a degree of softness.*
—— Oppius spoke too true:
Marcius' soft spot spreads over all my heart.
Why did I make that law? what is plebeian,
That flesh patrician may not mate with it? [12]
Sprung from Lavinia's self, in line direct,
This maid were not more precious. — I will do it!
Will break the law! will wed her! But — will she? ——
Icilius —— Death and Hell! —— Off, lying visions!
Though Heaven should rain down blood, I will not yield!
[*Turns up the Scene, which shifts to Scene* 2.

Scene II.

Another part of the Forum.

Icilius *and* Numitorius *meeting.*

Icil. Publius Numitorius! — Thou art well met!
What brings thee to the Forum?

Num. Natural care.
I seek my sister's child. — But thou look'st ruffled!

Icil. And thou o'er-sad. 'T is like we have one cause.
For I too seek Virginia. Why shouldst thou,
With so unusual care, her nurse being with her,
Forsake thy house — Virginius too expected?

Num. Thou know'st that then! Canst thou say why expected?

Icil. Would that I could! And yet the bare conjecture
Makes my blood curdle. Why are Rome's free streets
No longer safe for virgins? Asking that,
Do I show why Virginius might be look'd for?
Why I am ruffled, and thou over-sad?
Does thy heart, Publius, freeze and boil at once,
As mine does, at the sound of one man's name
Coupled with pure Virginia's?

Num. And that name?
'T is? ——

Icil. Appius. Speak!

Num. It does. What dost thou know?

Icil. Nothing. Thou? what dost thou? Protecting gods!
Who from your favor'd Capitol look down

On prostrate Rome, Pena'tes of her state!
Jove the all-great, all-good! thou sovereign Juno!
Armipotent Minerva! if once more
Your shrines shall beam on freemen new-create,
Exact not like atonement! Let not blood
Bedrop this time the white fleece of the lamb!

Num. Thou mak'st me shudder.

Icil. 'T is my own heart's echo.
Seest not I shiver?

Num. Yet thou knowest nought:
Nor I. Be calmer.

Icil. Thou didst ask the name.
Said I not — Appius? Wherefore art thou here?
Why should we both fear outrage for Virginia?

Num. Yet neither may have ground. What thou hast heard,
What seen, I know not. When thy brother, Quintus,
Came for my son to journey to the camp ——

Icil. They told me not of that! Say on! Say on!

Num. The boy could nothing tell. But from his haste, —
The sudden need, — from strange, mysterious looks
And hints of the nurse, — from —— What is that?

Nurse. [*within, from the side.*] Help! Romans!
'T is Virginius' daughter!

Num. [*hurrying after Icilius, who, at the first sound, has sprung forward in the direction of it.*] Gods! we are too late.[13]

[*Scene shifts suddenly to Scene* 3.

Scene III.

Same as Scene I. of the Act. — Appius *is seated on the tribunal, girt by his lictors. Near the shops,* Virginia *and her* Nurse, *struggling with* Marcus Claudius. *The People, who are now mixed with one or two Women, making towards them.*

Nurse. Romans, 't is false! She is the promis'd spouse
Of your Icilius.

1st Cit. Cneius, hear'st thou that? [*to 2d Cit.*
Unhand the girl. [*to Marcus.*] Thou art known.

2d Cit. For Appius' pimp.
Tread down the dog!

Marc. She is my slave — Come on —
[*dragging Virginia.*
Born of my slave.

Enter Icilius *and* Numitorius.

A shout from the crowd. Icilius!

2d Cit. [*as Icilius, still without speaking, hurls Marcus across the scene.*
That is it!
Brave Roman!

Va. Lucius, must it all come true?

Icil. Think better of the gods, Virginia. Cheer thee.
None can molest thee, now. Come home. Behold!
Here is thine uncle, and thy husband's arm

Is folded round thee.

A Matron. Husband! Hear, Drusilla!
Shame on the coward!

Icil. [*moving with Va. through the throng.*] Thanks, kind friends.

Marc. Icilius,
What means this violence? Open, if thou wilt,
Thine eyes still wider, and bite through thy lips;
Thou canst not stare me from my rights, nor frighten.

Num. Thy rights?

Icil. Let him speak on.

Marc. My rights: the right
Of every Roman citizen to his own goods.
The girl 's my house-ware. [*extending his arm to take Va.*

Icil. Liar and slave! [*striking him — his left arm still around Virginia.*
Take that!
Tool of a tyrant's lust! stretch thou one finger
To touch this virgin, I tread thee into clay,
And hurl the carrion on thy master's throne
To make his footstool! — Come, Virginia, come.

Marc. Not yet. Nor words, nor blows, make null my rights.
[*making a sign to Appius, who sends forward two lictors.*
I appeal to the tribunal. Come.

Icil. Go then,
Virginia, with thy uncle. I must stay,
And front the tyrant.

Marc. No! the girl goes not.
Lictors!

1*st Lic.* Back, citizens! — What means this clamor?
Who breaks the public peace?

Marc. I claim my slave. ——

Icil. Thou foul-mouth'd villain! — Romans! freemen! brothers!
Ye know me; I have never spoken false.
This is Virginius' daughter; on her finger
This ring I gave her speaks Icilius' spouse.
She has no mother, now; for you, her sire
Offers his bosom to your enemies' knives.
Ye will not suffer that a maid so lone,
So unprotected, one whose boast it is
She is made of clay like yours, plebeian mould [14] ——

[*The people murmur.*

Marc. Lictors, your office! Let him not speak treason.

2*d Cit.* Treason, to be of the people! Hear him out.
Finish, Icilius.

Icil. You are not so abject,
As let this maid, whose cradle was as yours,
Your daughter, and your sister, orphan'd too,
Because her sire defends your household-gods
And her poor mother wanders with the bless'd,
Happy to know not this! you will not suffer
Icilius' promised spouse, Virginius' child,
Blood of your blood, and freeborn as are you,
You will not suffer her to be torn from 'midst you,
To serve the lust of a patrician!

2*d Cit.* No!
Down with the lictors!

Marc. Citizens, are you mad?

I ask but for a hearing. If my claim
Be baseless, let him take the girl.

1st Cit. 'T is just.

Let him have hearing.

Icil. Just! O fickle hearts!
Is 't just the claimant should himself be judge?
Know ye not ——

Num. Lucius, thou wilt ruin all.
Hope in Virginius' coming, hope not now.
See [*glancing round on the people.*], and believe
resistance is in vain.

Icil. Lead on. And yet — I did put trust in you.
[*addressing the throng.*
I thought —— No matter. [*They move up to the tribunal followed by the crowd.*

1st Cit. What could he expect?

The Matron. Were I a man, thou shouldst not want reply.

Marc. Mighty decemvir! this young ——

Icil. Have a care!
If thou dare touch her, though it be the form,[15]
Even in thy master's face I keep my word.

App. Now by the manès[16] of my sires, thou vile! ——
[*springing up in his seat.*

Marc. Hear, gracious ruler! let me wave the form.
I would not have the whiteness of my claim
Spotted by violence. —

App. Then for thy sake, be't,
Not his.

Icil. For thine own sake, thou! ——

Va. Lucius! pity!

For me! for me! Wouldst thou destroy me?

Num. Appius,
I am the uncle of this maid: 't is mine
To answer. Let the Assertor now proceed.

Marc. This maiden, as the Roman law prescribes,
I say is mine, and the possession in her
Demand to be assign'd to me.

Num. And I,
By the same law assert her to be free,
And as her guardian, in the father's room,
Demand the right to lead her where I will.[17]

App. Let the assertor unto servitude
Make out his claim.

Marc. Virginius Lucius, sire
Suppos'd of this young maid, being in the wars,
A child was born to him in Rome, which died
Soon as it snuff'd the air. The selfsame day,
A Volscian girl, my household-slave, gave birth
To a female child, which promis'd well. Her sister,
Midwife to both the women, mov'd to see
The mother weep her young thus born to chains,
Herself too sorrowing, plac'd the living babe
On the free pillow, and took away the dead.
Behold the false Virginia! for the true
Is dust.

Icil. Is there a Heaven above us?

Num. Lucius! ——
Leave me to answer. — See! Virginia faints!

App. The case is plain. What hast thou to reply?

Num. Did the false mother come, in after time,

To know of this strange fraud?

Marc. Not till the child,
Grown up in worth and beauty, had won her heart.

Num. Nor told Virginius?

Marc. Why disturb his peace?
He had come to love the darling as his own.
'T is thought, however, in her dying hour
The truth came out. This we shall ascertain.

Num. And by the midwife and the mother-slave
Thou hop'st to prove this?

Marc. And Virginius' self.

Num. O monstrous fraud! effrontery unmatch'd!
Hear, Appius; hear, ye citizens! I am
Twin-brother of Virginius' wife, had ever
Her most full confidence; yet see! her heart
Kept this huge fact from me!

App. And is that all?

Num. Much to make wise men doubt. Hear, Romans, hear!
This man would cite the midwife, therefore living,
A Volscian, and the sister of a slave.
Known is it to me, to many — and there stands
Virginia's nurse who knows — the midwife was
A Roman, and is dead!

App. And is that all?

Icil. What wouldst thou more? [*resigning Va. to Numit.*

App. No evidence of thine. —
Let the pretended sire appear.

Marc. Till then
Possession in the girl remains with me.

App. That is but just. Assertor, take thy slave.

[*General murmur of indignation.*

Icil. Thou dar'st not! by thine own law, dar'st not, tyrant,
Decree this wrong! Decision must be made,
In such a suit, on the side of freedom.

1*st Cit.* Right!

It is the law.

2*d Cit.* He made it: let him keep it!

App. What know ye of the law, ye clamorous curs?
That Appius made it, proves that Appius leans
To liberty and mercy. But this case
Was not provided for. The general act
Supposes equal litigants. Where such,
Who stands for actual owner matters little;
But here it being the father of the girl,
So call'd, the Assertor yields to only him.
Pledg'd to produce her when he shall appear,
'T is fit he keep her now. — It is decreed.
Lictor, disperse the assembly.

Va. [*running to Icil.*] Save me! save!
Or kill me, Lucius!

Matron. Cowards! do you hear her?

Num. [*thrusting back Marcus, while Icilius, clasping Virginia with his left arm, covered with his mantle* (toga), *confronts Appius, and waves back with his right the lictors.*

Virginius' daughter! who is now abroad,
Fighting your battles! [*to the people.*

1*st Cit.* The decemvir knows it.

Lictors. [*opposing their fasces.*
Decreed!
Matron. Where are your daughters? [*again to the people.*] *2d Cit.* Are we slaves?
Down with the lictors!
Lict. Back!
Matron. O shame!
Lict. Bear back!
"It is decreed!" [*The people yield, though sullenly, leaving Icilius, etc., exposed.*
Icil. I knew it. When the judge
And claimant are one, what else? Do ye see that wretch?
'T is Marcus, Appius' client; what besides,
I shame, before this innocent maid, to speak.
Ye murmur. Well ye may, knowing what I mean.
Is 't fit she should be trusted to such hands,
Were Appius even guiltless? I had thought
That honor was more dear to Roman women
Than life ——
Matron. It is! but Roman men are cowards.
Icil. — That reverence for Lucretia could not die.
[*Movement in the crowd.*
Lucretia! 'T is a name ——
Matron. Blush, Romans!
[*Movement becomes more tumultuous.*
App. Lictors! ——
2d Cit. No! he shall finish; we will hear him out.
[*The crowd press on the lictors and force them back.*
Icil. [*turning to the tribunal.*] Lucretia! At that name, thou vile decemvir,

Dost thou not tremble? Usurper like to Tarquin,
Recall his fate! But Collatinus paid
A price I will not; nor shall Rome's proud annals
Tell of a second sorrow like to his,
Though they record like vengeance. Speak, Lucilla!
[*to the nurse.*
This is no time for secrets. What thou knowest,
Give 't to the people.

Matron. Speak!

2*d Cit.* We will protect thee.

App. [*thundering to the lictors.*] Ye dogs! what are ye kept for! Strip the fasces!
Scourge back the rabble!

2*d Cit.* Death to the lictors! death!

The crowd struggle for the possession of the fasces. NUMITORIUS, *threatening* M. CLAUDIUS, *stands before* VIRGINIA, *while the* NURSE *supports her behind* — ICILIUS *still sustaining her.*

App. Arrest the rebel! Seize, bind, slay Icilius! [18]
Marcus, secure the slave!

Icil. On, Romans, on!

He dashes back MARC. CLAUDIUS *violently, consigns* VIRGINIA *to* NUMITOR., *and, putting aside the lictors, makes directly for the tribunal.*

Strike for your freedom! Twelve, against you all?
Trample them under you! Leave to me the tyrant.

App. To the tribunal, lictors! guard the office. [*The lictors retreat and form between the tribunal and Icilius.*

Citizens! Appius wars not upon you! [*The citizens remain motionless, and Icil. stands once more exposed.*

Why, so!

Have ye forgot your reason? Know ye not
The ambition of Icilius? Not for her,
Ill-fated girl! this tumult. 'T is sedition,
Veil'd with the pretext of Virginius' cause.
He would be tribune, and to found his power
Make odious the decemvirate. But the people
Shall judge between us. To Virginius absent,
To liberty, to the paternal name,
Yields Appius what your violence nor his
Should wrest, entreats the Assertor wave his right,
And, the decree revok'd, prorogues the trial.

[*Murmur of applause.*

Silence! Icilius needs your tongues, not I. —
Once more to-day will Appius sit in justice,
But, the sun down, Virginius not appearing,
He gives the law its course, nor will he need
To enforce it more than these. [*pointing to the lictors.*

1*st Cit.* So soon;
Virginius cannot come!

2*d Cit.* He knows that well.

Icil. He thinks it, friends; but let the tyrant learn,
To his confusion, Virginius even now
Is on his way. [*A movement of great joy.*

Num. My son, that was not wise.
See where the pander and his lord change looks!

Marc. Be 't, great decemvir; Claudius asks but justice.
But who are surety that the girl appear? [9]

Enter
VALERIUS *and* HORATIUS.

Val. Lucius Valerius.
Hor. And Horatius, I! *(from behind the people, who make way for them, with demonstrations of joy.*
People. And I!
[*holding up their right hands simultaneously.*] And I!
And all of us!

VALERIUS *and* HORATIUS, *going up the scene, confront the decemvir a moment, then turn to* ICILIUS, *and his party.*

Val. [*to Icil.*] We have heard
Thy sad misfortune. But [*in undertone and significantly*] we came too late.
Hor. [*like manner.*] Hope.
Icil. [*to the people.*] Thanks! but now, we shall not need you, friends.
Impute to nothing mean these passionate tears:
'T is your love moves me — mingled with despair —
Despair for liberty, when one man's power
Can make a thousand offer me but love.
Go to your homes. Wo, wo, for fetter'd Rome!
For Brutus's Rome! wo! wo! [*Exit (muffling his head) with Virginia, Numit. and Nurse — the Matrons following them.*

The remaining Citizens move forward, and form a close group, which VALER. *and* HORAT., *after seeing Icilius' party off the Scene, join — while* MARC. CLAUD., *ascending behind the tribunal, is seen receiving in his ear some secret instructions from* APPIUS.

2d Cit. It is a shame!
We are bound to assist him.

1st Cit. But what can we do?

Val. [*in a low, impressive tone.*] Meet here again as many as you can,
Before the trial. Icilius will harangue you.
Then shall you learn what for yourselves to do,
As well as him. Nor shall you want, to back you,
Friends such as we.

Hor. [*same manner.*] And should you chance to bring
Arms hid about you, 't will not be amiss.
Hush! not a word! Away, at once!

Val. Remember!
'T is the last chance for liberty and Rome.

[*Exeunt the people.*

VAL. *and* HORAT., *looking at the decemvir and* MARCUS *a moment, pass slowly up the scene, and Exeunt.* — MARCUS *descends, and comes forward.*

Marc. [*in low tone.*] Murder already! Yet the knife may glance,
And hit its owner. Wo then unto me!
Who dare not flinch, yet tremble to obey. [*Exit.*

App. Waits no one more for justice? Lictors, move.

[*Rises, and, as he turns to descend, the Drop falls.*[20]

Act the Third

Scene I. A mean apartment in the house of Livia.

Marcus Claudius. Livia.

[*Marcus just entering.*]

Liv. What has detain'd thee?

Marc. Has revenge grown cool?

Liv. Cool! If the damn'd feel half the pangs, that here, [*pressing her heart.*

And here [*her head.*], consume me, since the sun arose
To light my day of vengeance, then the gods
Indeed are cruel. Think'st thou there be Furies?

Marc. 'T were best not ask me.[21] [*carelessly.*

Liv. Oh! there must be such!
There must! I feel it. My temples are on fire,
Sear'd with their torches, and around my heart
Their cold snakes coiling sting me to the core.
'T was my long agony ask'd, What detain'd thee.

Marc. As thy pains balance, head for heart, thou need'st
No comfort. What I have to tell, may cool
Perhaps thy head, or salve thy heart, or be,
For aught I know, the scourge, that was forgotten
In thy sweet list of ecstacies. My Livia,
Thou 'rt very cunning; but the virgin dup'd thee,
With her two days. Her sire is coming now.

Liv. Thou dost not think it! thou sayst it but to plague me!
Coming! Then fall the sure threads of my warp!
Marc. Of Appius', say; for he alone is weaver.
Thine! thou dost little more than hand the wool.
But hast thou lost thy question, What detain'd me?
Liv. I care not now. What 's thy delay to me?
Marc. Much, if 't was made to gather up those threads
That now were dropp'd.
Liv. By what means?
Marc. [*in her ear, but loudly.*] Murder.
Liv. Murder!
Oh, no! — [*Recovering; and eagerly.*
But of Icilius?
Marc. Would it were!
My qualms were few then; for my bones are sore.
Liv. Not — not Virginius? Do not nod! speak! speak!
Marc. Whom else? Why, how thou look'st! Virginius spurn'd thee,
As if thou wert a toad.
Liv. He did! he did!
May his heart rot for it, inch by inch! But — but —
I would not have him dead —— No, no! no murder!
Not that I love him —— But he shall not die!
I am not yet so bad —— No, no! no murder!
Oh! no, no, Marcus! no!
Marc. Thou art very strange!
Thou 'dst have his heart rot, yet he shall not die!
He must have wondrous insides.
Liv. Do not mock me!

Is it not I that am the cause of all?
I made thee note the daughter's beauty; [22] coming
The girl was from her school; and at my hint
Thou spak'st to Appius, set his blood on fire,
And now —— Virginius shall not die! His life:
Or the plot withers: — I'll reveal it all!

Marc. And have thy carcase flung from the Tarpeian.
Thou foolish woman! hear. By Appius' order,
I have hired three villains to assault this man,
On his way home. 'T is but a chance they meet him,
A chance that they prevail ——

Liv. But if they do,
I will denounce thy patron to the people.
By all the gods in Heaven and Hell, I'll do it!

Marc. Wilt thou! I will not die alone. The people,
Taught what thou art, shall tear thee limb from limb. —
What demon loos'd my tongue? and to a woman!
But who had dream'd, that love? ——

Liv. Love! canst thou mean
Love for Virginius? Love? More deadly hate
Never felt woman. I would kill his pride,
Torture him piecemeal where he tortur'd me,
But not kill *him*. Canst thou not see a difference?

Marc. A vast one. Thou wouldst murder inch by inch,
A little every day; with one blow, Appius
Takes all of his enjoyment all at once. ——
Wilt thou appear when call'd, and do thy part?

Liv. I will appear when call'd, and do my part —
As lives or dies Virginius. Thou shalt see. [*Going.*

Marc. See that we tools, that carve the master's pleasure,

Shall break our edges, and be thrown away. —

[*Exit Livia.*

Torture his pride! and piecemeal! This is conscience!
Make him supremely wretched — but no blood!
Furies? There may be, or may not; but this
Is sure; who made them female, knew what hands
Might be entrusted with the whips of Hell.[23]

[*Exit — but at opposite side.*

Scene II.

Room in the house of Numitorius.

Icilius *and* Virginia.

Virginia *is seen leaning on* Icilius' *shoulder, her face hidden, in an attitude of distress.*

Icil. Gods, is this equity? Must your thunder singe
Alike the delicate shrub and branching tree?
I may not, and I have no thought nor will
To impeach your justice; in this mortal heart,
Frail and infirm of purpose, if ye have planted

Immutable love of truth, your deathless essence,
Temptation-proof and unassail'd by fear,
Cannot see right and wrong with equal eye:
Yet spare this innocent child! she is too young
To bide those trials, which o'er maturer hearts,
Grown callous with the storms of many years,
Sweep without ruin, and but make them strong.
O, it is hard!

Va. [*looking up with surprise.*] Dear Lucius! Do not weep!

Icil. Twice in one day these eyes! — I thought them stone
To any private grief: but now their dew
Drips over, spite of manhood.

Va. Is there, then,
No hope? none?

Icil. Hope? It was Horatius' word.
Oh! that there were ten men in all the people
Like him and like Valerius, worthy both
Of their immortal names! Rome yet might breathe
And shake this nightmare from her. Death! to think
Men should have heads and hands, yet fear to use them!
Be born erect, yet crouch like cattle! Are there
No Romans left?

Va. Virginius is, my father.

Icil. Yes, yes, they are all at camp. The air
Of Rome is pestilence to Roman virtue.
But we will not despair; no, my Virginia!
'T were sin to doubt high Heaven.

Va. Yet — if my heart —

Have boded true — and no help is in man —
Lucius — wilt — wilt thou —— Promise me — O
swear it!
Thou wilt not let Virginia fall alive
Into those wicked hands! O swear it, Lucius!
Swear that thy own dear hand shall send me pure
Unto my mother! Why art thou so still?
Thou dost not doubt my firmness?

Icil. Doubt it? No!

No; I was mute with adoration; faltering,
Because — because —— How can I else but falter?
I cannot think — 't would drive me to despair!
Thy bodements true. We have done nothing, thou
In thy most innocent heart couldst not conceive
The thought of any thing, should bring down on us,
On thee this horrible fate.

Va. Thou must not murmur.

To the high gods man's individual wo
Counts nothing, weigh'd with the common good of all.
When we were children, thou knowest, the parent's
rule
Seem'd often tyranny, and our transient pains
Cruel, because we saw not, and seeing could not
Rightly discern, the aim of their infliction.
Are we not, Lucius, to the omniscient gods
As little children, and our moans and murmuring
Proofs that we are well car'd for? Thou wast born
Not of the kind to whom life brings but pleasure,
And thy great soul, thus crucified to joy,

May from its agony gain gigantic strength
For Rome's deliverance.

Icil. Speak on! speak ever!
Not for my glory, but for thine: speak on!

Va. Nay, I am feeble, Lucius, and unapt;
But I am Roman; and in my woman's-breast
A voice from Heaven cries, Murmur not, — thy blood
Shall fertilize the soil of Roman freedom,
And seed there sown shall yield perennial fruit,
Justice and wisdom, honor, single truth,
Temperance and valor, and other goodly growth
Of the tree whose smallest leaves send up to Heaven
Ambrosial odors.

Icil. And couldst thou, Virginia,
Offer thy life new-garlanded with love,
And wreath'd with fillets of all human joys
That wait on innocent youth, thou good, thou fair,
Dear to thy widow'd father, and — for me —
O how to speak thee! Couldst thou — die, Virginia,
Slaughter'd to free a most unthankful people,
Whose hearts, ere yet the sacrificial fire
Has dried thy —— Speak! for I can not.

Va. Whose hearts
Will lose all trace of me? — Is duty measur'd
By what it earns of gratitude? Believe me,
Dear as my life is, dearer now than ever
For thy dear sake, I will not struggle once,
If Rome demand the victim, and thy hand ——
Swear thou wilt do it, Lucius!

Icil. I do swear.

As I would shed my own, my mother's blood,
So she were living, and the good of Rome
Call'd for the sacrifice. Icilius' word
Should need no oath; yet thou, beloved, I see it,
Mistrusts him for his love's sake. Yet to him
What wouldst thou be, wert thou no more Virginia?
No! thou true daughter of the olden Rome,
Not of the Rome of now! if thou must die,
Thus, in the yet shut flower of thy youth,
I —— (I have less strength than thou!) — if thou must die,
For Rome, thy mother, thou shalt die, I swear it,
Worthy of her!

Va. 'T is to die thy spouse,
To die unstain'd, and fearless — and die happy,
So my last breath be gather'd by thy lips.

Icil. Thou shalt not die! Rome is not grown so heartless!
Fathers and husbands are not so insensate!
Their arms must strike for me and for Virginius!
Our cause is one. Then, have we not our friends,
Valerius and Horatius, and their friends
Who are foes to Appius? Is the tyrant proof
To what kills other men? Oh! we are mad!
We libel our fellows and asperse the gods,
Desponding thus. Thou shalt not die, Virginia!
Blood shall be shed, and for the good of Rome,
But on the altars of the god of Hell,
And the black gore drip downwards! Come, Virginia,
Seek we the hall. There by thy uncle's hearth,
Whose tutelar-gods thy mother's childhood knew,[24]

Await with him thy sire, while, new in hope,
I speed to rouse the ashes of dead Rome.
Let the black shadow from my heart now passing
Be better augury, and thy own grim omens
Vanish like dreams.

Va. Dreams! But thy vow remember.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in a diversorium, *or road-side inn, near Rome.*

Virginius, Quintus Icilius, Caius Numitorius.

Virg. Enough of rest. Let us make onward, boys.

[*draws his hood*[25] *over his head.*

Yet my heart trembles, as I near the town.
My daughter! my Virginia! — Who is that?

C. Num. Uncle, a slave of Appius the decemvir's,
His messenger. How hot the fellow looks!

Q. Icil. Some pressing matter.

Virg. With some wicked view.

C. Num. He sees and shuns us.

Virg. 'T is a wonder, that.
His master's slave should not have modest scruples.
Call him in, Caius.

C. Num. Tabellarius! friend!

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. Save you, my masters.

Virg. Com'st thou from the town?

Mess. In all haste from the great decemvir. I seek
The camp at Algidum — scarce pause to breathe.

Virg. The camp! What is there toward? Not peace,
I trust.

Mess. I know not. I 've no verbal charge but these:
To see myself the general, Marcus Sergius,
And shun there one Virginius, a centurion.

VIRGINIUS *draws the hood closer over his face.* QUINTUS *and* CAIUS *exchange looks and turn hastily to Virgin. — which the slave observes.*

You know Virginius, then? [*to the youths.*

Virg. They do. But I
Know him far better.

Mess. [*uneasily and moving to go.*] A friend, perhaps?

Virg. Why, scarce.
From my birth up, he whom thou call'st Virginius
Has been my fatalest enemy. Good friend,

We are just from camp: wouldst thou declare thy
message
'T would please us greatly — this for thy refreshment —
[*handing him money.*
And none can teach thee how to shun Virginius,
So well as I.
Mess. Did I but know thee, master ——
Yet —— 'Tis but this. [*showing the tablets.*
Virg. On tablets! O rare haste!
Now would I give the world to know thy news.
Trust me, my friend. Thy master, were he here,
Would own the Fates themselves had sent these letters
Into my hands. Come, let me see them. Boys,
[*giving C. and Q. money.*
Take this good man within, and let the victualer
Give of his best.
Mess. Thou art so generous, master ——
[*suffering Virg. to take the tablets.*
And yet —— No, no.
C. Num. Come; thou hast little time.
Mess. And that is true.
Virg. Why, man, thou need'st not fear.
Would I dare trifle with thy great decemvir?
Is he not Appius? Go. [*Exeunt the youths and Mess.*
My fears compel me.
[*opening the tablets.*
Reading.] "Appius Claudius to his colleague, Marcus
Sergius, Health. — Keep, any way, at camp
Lucius Virginius, till the third day after

The messenger's return." O too just fears!
My child! my child! — But 't is no time to grieve.
[*Takes from its case his style, and rubbing over, with the broad end, the wax of the tablets in two places, writes over the places with the point.*
Now it reads better: *Keep the messenger;*
And the "return" goes with *Virginius'* name.
The third day after that, is long enough! [26]

Re-enter hastily

The MESSENGER, *followed by* CAIUS *and* QUINTUS.

Mess. Give it me back; I cannot eat for fear.
Why — how! Thou hast chang'd the writing!
Virg. Slave! dost dare?
Mess. Pardon me. — Oh! this place has been rubb'd over! —
Nor look the words the same!
Virg. How shouldst thou know?
'T is as it should be. I disturb'd the wax,
And then re-wrote it. There is not one word
But what stood there at first. Knows Rome not Appius?
Is my life nothing? Go. Thou losest time.
[*Exit Messenger.*
And we too, sons; our steeds are not the wind.
My daughter!
C. Num. What has chanc'd? Thou art so pale!
Virg. I'll tell thee on our way. — O Rome! O Rome! —

My child! — Accursed tyrant! —— Boys,
Ye have heard Virginius lie like any slave.

C. Num. Lie, uncle?

Virg. Yes: what is it to deceive?
The words are nothing; 't is the intent alone
Makes them or true or false. That beaten slave
Had been but politic; but I, a freeman,
A Roman, and a soldier, cannot use
Ulysses' craft without both sin and shame.
Learn that of me; and be this cheek your monitor. —
Yet oh, my daughter! 't was alone for thee! —
Tyrant, I'll have thy life! — Come, boys. — My child!

[*Exeunt.*

Act the Fourth

Scene I. A part of the Forum.

Icilius *and* People.

Icil. Children of Romulus! — But I would rather,
So ye will suffer it, call you Brutus' children;
For Brutus was your better sire; to him
Ye owe it, that you stand not simply now
Where the first plac'd you, subjects of a king,
But your own sovereigns — when you dare be such —
Which is not always. —

2d Cit. That is over plain.

Icil. When was truth otherwise, to those whose conscience
Fears her reproaches? If ye dare to rule,
Why serve ye? I will tell you. As the steed,
Broke to the bit, forgets the natural power
Which, us'd, would fling his rider headlong, so
Your mouths are bitted ——

2d Cit. Fy! we are not brutes.

Icil. The horse is valiant, generous, faithful: why
Shame ye to be his parallel? In the fight,
Shrinks he with terror? When the trumpet sounds,
His eye darts fire, and his spread nostrils snort.
Yet lo! astride him are the master's limbs.
Ye fight too — for your leaders — whipp'd and curb'd.
'T is habit with you both, which makes this mastery

Seem like a part of you. But let volition
Swell your big muscles to their natural force,
'T is lord and steed no longer.

2d Cit. And no longer
Shall be so! We are Romans — Brutus' children.

Icil. I hope so. But be still. Icilius loves
Your voices, as the tyrant said; but now
He wants your hearts. Time was, when public rights,
Invaded, spoil'd, extinguish'd, were alone
Icilius' only sorrow: [27] the bitter stream
Flow'd pure, as from one source. Now, private grief
Mixes its current with the popular flood,
Made tenfold bitterer, but no longer pure.

1st Cit. Why so, Icilius? there are husbands here.

2d Cit. None the worse patriots, that they love their wives.[28]

Icil. True, 't is the aggregate of personal griefs
Makes general sorrow, and the love of country
Is but a loftier love of self: yet 't was
Icilius' pride (man has no right to pride,
And the gods punish it), no selfish care
Peer'd through his zeal for freedom. You all have heard
[29] I seek to restore the tribunes: Appius said it:
And I avow it. Avow it? I proclaim it.
[30] Alas for me! their power suspended trials.
O fatal day! big with Rome's servitude,
And death to me! when, to secure you laws,
Ye gave up all for which the laws were made,
Setting these Ten above you, without appeal!
Down went the Tribunes; and rose up, more thick
Than ever your host of wrongs. What were you, what

You are, I have said: strong steeds that bear a rider,
Fighters of battles, whose cost is all your own,
Whose glory the patricians'; yet more safe
Amid your enemies' darts, than here, where bonds
And outrage make the horrors of the field
Sweet as a bride-bed. Is the day so old,
When the brave soldier from his prison burst,
Haggard with famine, bleeding with fresh stripes,
Made bare his mangled back, where the sharp spine
Stood out uncover'd — for the creditor's lash
Had stripp'd the fell starvation spar'd, — and shriek'd
For vengeance?

2d Cit. And our fathers heard him.

Icil. Ay.

Mad with their wrongs, they nigh had crush'd the senate,
But — mark! they did not. And the consuls promis'd,
(The Volscian war was imminent;) and the people,
Believing — is there aught ye 'll not believe,
Ye credulous fools! rush'd hither in vast crowds,
To take the oath, and get reprieve from bondage
Fear'd worse than death. They fought; and when they had conquer'd,
Volscians, Auruncians, both, then Appius Claudius,
Meet grandsire of the man who now would violate
The citizen's dearest rights, nor those alone,
But even of Nature's self — this Appius, scorning
His colleague's promise, drew again the gyves
On the starv'd debtor, and once more the lash
And workhouse were the recompense of valor

And balm of wounds. — Nay, save your groans. —
What follow'd?
Why did the legions cross the Anio; there,
With ditch and rampart fortify the Mount,
And leave Rome to her terrors? Was it not,
Again they had been deluded, though again
They had fought and conquer'd? when, for very shame,
The incens'd dictator (he was a Valerius,
Not a Claudius) threw his office up.
But glorious secession! which taught the proud
The uses of the humble, and obtain'd
For the state's task-worn drudges their own magistrates,
The sacrosanctity of whose office yielded
Resort against oppression! Yet again
The thunder of the Veto shall be heard!
I hear its distant rumble in the clouds
Which black the sky of freedom! and its bolts
May more than purge the air.

2d Cit. Be 't! Let them strike!

1st Cit. We will secede again.

Icil. Secede?

2d Cit. Ay, now.
We want our tribunes.

Icil. Surely, ye are mad.
Talk of secession? Then ye have forgot
What your Sicinius paid to speak that word?

1st Cit. No, no; we have not!

Icil. And to whom?

2d Cit. Nor that.
Murder'd by the decemvirs.

Icil. Say, by Appius.
The Ten are but the fingers of one pair
Of active hands; and that one pair is Appius.
Murder'd by Appius; but for whose strong will
The fingers never could have clutch'd his life.
Let me recall the atrocious deed. 'T is true,
Not many moons have wan'd since, and the fact
Mainly is unforgot; yet Time keeps wearing,
Wearing ever the sharp impression down,
Whose lines must be retouch'd to con it fair.
What was Sicinius' crime? He spoke as I,
As you are doing. Must the tongue wear fetters?
Is thought, which has no substance for the chain,
The only natural right the free have left,
The free, so call'd, of Rome? The man was one
Worthy the name of man; and all true men
Are fear'd of tyrants. So, at Appius' nod,
The generals sent him — with a show of honor ——

1*st Cit.* Traitors! we know it.

Icil. Ay; but hear. They sent him
To explore the enemy's ground, and choose a camp-site.
At a fit place for their design, the train,
A century full 't is said, fell on the hero.

1*st Cit.* He was a hero!

Icil. Of a hundred fights;
The winner of a score of civic crowns,
Besides as many others; and his breast,
Broad as the sea-god's, was one scar with wounds,
Receiv'd for you, for liberty, for Rome.

1*st Cit.* We will avenge him!

2*d Cit.* Life for life! [*amid a tumult of voices, and the crowd swaying, as with one impulse of the same emotion.*

Icil. 'T is just.
But hear me out. — He was a hero. Heroes
Submit not tamely to be butcher'd. More,
He was a freeman; and his hundred foes,
Though Romans too, were voluntary slaves,
Traitors and tools of tyrants. With his back
Against a rock, the freeman and the man

Enter VALERIUS *and* HORATIUS.

Bore up against the whole of Appius' slaves.

1*st Cit.* He was a Cocles!

2*d Cit.* An Horatius-Cocles!

Hor. Go on, Icilius: and you [*to Citzs.*], mark the issue.

Icil. Fifteen he slew, and on their bodies heap'd
A score of wounded, if the count be true;
For as I told you, though they were all Romans,
He was a Roman freeman, and they slaves,
The slaves of your Decemvir. So they clomb
The steep behind him, and upon his head
Rolling unseen huge fragments of the crag,
Finish'd their work. [*The crowd again sways to and fro, with a deep murmur.*

Val. And sent the heroic soul
To wander on the spirit-shore, complaining

He still is unaveng'd.

2d Cit. But shall be so
No longer!

1st Cit. and others } *simultaneously.*] No! no longer!

[*They raise their right hands with a vehement and threatening gesture, and are moving up the scene.*

Hor. Say you so?
Come on!

2d Cit. On with Horatius!

Icil. Stay!

2d Cit. No, on!
Liberty and Icilius! Death to the tyrant.

[*The crowd take up this last cry.*

Icil. Friends, are you mad? — Horatius! Is this wise?
Hear me a moment.

Hor. And so give them time
To cool and tremble. [*The crowd pause, and begin to form again about Icilius.*

Val. Quite as well as burn
In their own fire.

Hor. What matters, so their foe
Burn with them?

Val. They 'd not think so; and their foe
Is little likely. Would not all our order
Take part with Appius? — But Icilius speaks.

Icil. Romans, 't is not I doubt you; but the blow
Must be both sure and sudden. Appius now
Would be prepar'd, and in a moment girt
With all his friends; but here, alone amidst ye,

An easy prey. Here then, where flesh'd in crime
The assassin tyrant would enact the ravisher,
The Tarquin of man-murder stand proclaim'd,
By his own mouth, the Tarquin for whose lust
We who have wives and daughters must find food,
Here, for our wives and daughters, let us strike,
And by one blow free them, ourselves, and Rome.

1st and 2d Cit. We will, we will!

Icil. Think on Sicinius butcher'd;
And when the assassin, in the face of Jove,
Fronting his Capitol, dooms to greater wo
The good Virginius, and his child, and me,
Think on your own Virginias, and remembering
That ye are Junius Brutus' children, strike!

2d Cit. Remembering we are Brutus' children, strike!

And the crowd moves slowly up the scene, chiming in with 2D CIT., *at the word* "Strike!" — *Halting, they watch from the background the conference between* HOR., VALER., *and* ICILIUS.

Hor. 'T is spoken well, Icilius. But how long
Will those flat ears retain the eloquent sound?
Thou shouldst have let them, when the arm was up,
Strike.

Icil. If the blow had swerv'd, what then? Their chains
Were riveted for ever. Give the mass
The deep self-interest which impels the man,
You make them constant; but, till this be done,
The impulsive power never has that force
Which crushes obstacles. The foes of Appius,

In bulk, might bury under them his friends:
Why do they not then do it?

Val. Justly said.
'T is only here, i' the Forum, where the wrong
Done to Virginius shall new-point their rage
For their own daily wrongs, and Appius' measure
Of insolence and crime, already brimming,
Flow over, the popular courage will make head
Against habitual terrors.

Hor. We shall see.
When cool'd the metal, vain the workman's art
To shape it to his wish.

Icil. Wilt thou, Horatius,
With thine own fire, maintain what heat is now,
Keeping the iron ductile? I must go
To seek Virginius.

Hor. What my breath may do,
Depend on: but trust more the scanty time,
And Appius' own imprudence. [*Goes up the scene, and beckons to the crowd, who gather round him eagerly, while he appears to harangue them.*

Val. Which shall have
Full sweep. Be it mine to keep back Spurius Oppius
With his twelve fasces. — Courage! for this day
Rome will be free.

Icil. I feel it; yet, would Heaven,
I were assur'd 't would cost me merely life! [31]

[*Exit.* —

Valerius, *looking thoughtfully after him a moment, Exit at opposite side; and the Scene changes — the dumb-show in the background still continuing.*

Scene II.

The Atrium of the house of Numitorius.

Virginia *and* Virginius, *meeting.*
At a little distance, following Virginia, Numitorius.

Virg. My child! my child! — But thou as yet art safe,
As yet my virgin daughter! Jove himself
Inspir'd thy timely summons. 'T was for Rome,
As well as thee.
Va. Heaven's providence. I knew not
The oppressor's cruel purpose; but, each day
His insolent importunities increasing,
I could no more keep silence; and I fear'd
To — [*turning her head in the direction of the door, as listening*] to invoke —— It is his step!
Virg. Icilius'?
Thine ears are wondrous quick. Nay! 'tis a love
Thou hast no right to blush for; and the eve,
(Be it to-morrow,) that shall make thee his,
Renders thy sire the proudest in all Rome.[32]
Va. Alas!

Enter Icilius.

Icil. Virginius! father: happily come!
Virg. Lucius, my son! — Is Rome dead to all honor?
Icil. They that are dead to freedom have no honor.
The people stood around, and saw thy daughter,

Icilius' promis'd spouse, pronounc'd a slave;
And the foul mouth that dar'd the insult breathes.
Honor? where rule ten tyrants?

Virg. Patience, son.

Icil. Look on this maid. Though Chastity had fled
All other shrines, were not her temple here? [33]
Feel that this innocent being is thy child
Past any doubt; then hear that Appius' pander
Laid his polluting finger on her body,
Asserting servitude, and ask of me,
Whom thou hast honor'd with this precious gift,
Patience.

Virg. To nerve thy arm for surer vengeance.
Passion defeats its motive, and the blood,
It forces to the vision, clouds its aim.
He, who with fury would avenge a wrong,
Flings off his buckler, and with naked breast
Assaults a foe who carries sword and shield.
But see, thy sister, with my nephew, comes.

Enter

Icilia, *with* C. Numitorius.

Virtuous Icilia! my dear daughter's pride!
How much I owe thy counsel!

Ica. This alone:
That it has follow'd where her heaven-wrought impulse,
Wiser than simple reason, led the way.
But thou art come, her sire, belov'd of Rome

And honor'd; and that sadden'd brow shall clear.
Justice no more shall lend her snow-white pall[34]
To hood Oppression, or the hand of Truth
Shall strip it off the borrower. But, poor child!
[*observing Virginia, who stands in an attitude of sad submission, showing the resignation of a pious but dejected mind.*
Her heart is terror-shaken, and the voice
Of Hope is answered by no joyous beat.

Virg. Cheer thee, my daughter! when my proofs are heard,
Even lust and tyranny will shame to answer,
And the rous'd Forum thunder with our triumph.

Icil. Or if that tyrants know not, as I deem,
The sense of shame, its temple-walls shall shake
With thunder that is more than sound.

Virg. Thou mean'st? —— [*eagerly.*

Icil. The people are at last awake. The voice,
That dooms to slavery the free of Rome,
Has struck on their drugg'd senses; and the sun
Now going down will pour his level ray,
Not on a cringing crowd, and in their midst,
Bound to the altar of a tyrant's lust,
This innocent victim, but the o'erthrown tribunal,
And Rome's last tyrant making with his blood
Atonement for her violated laws.

Virg. Thy brows are knitted, and thy bearded lip
Gather'd within its fellow, and thine eyes
Burn with a fire too steady for mere rage;

And Publius' own are fulgent with new hope.[35]
It must be so. O joy! The people then? ——

Icil. Champ on the bit, and hardly were rein'd in.
Horatius would have driven them on at once,
And ply'd the lash. But 't was too dread a risk.
'T is on the trial, when the blow is sure,
Their rage shall work.

Virg. Be welcome then the trial!
Rome was my mother, ere thou wast my child,
Virginia.

Va. And what mother has thy child
But Rome?

Virg. Do ye hear this, eternal gods?
Your thrones are bas'd on everlasting right:
Ye will not suffer virtues like your own
To be the sport of vice.

Va. [*to Icilius, where they stand apart.*] Alas, my father!
He sees not, were my virtues truly such,
They have no place on earth!

Icil. For pity, hush!

Num. 'T is not to be the sport of vice, when vice,
Outraging virtue, proves but Heaven's touchstone
To assay its gold; nor will affliction, brother,
Which is the fire to purify that gold,
Be suffered to confound it with the dross.

Va. Except to achieve some mighty good, whose weight
Makes the pure ore rise flimsy as the dross.
What is Virginia, that Virginia's wo,
If instrumental to the general joy,

Should move Heaven's pity ; when even to herself
Its bitterness would be welcome?

Virg. O my child!
Thou griev'st and gladd'st me equally. The gods
Will not desert thee!

Icil. Nor shall man. The fire,
Thy wrongs have stirr'd, Horatius' eager breath
Will not permit to gather-o'er its ashes. —

Virg. And I have what shall fan it to a blaze.
Caius, thou hast been long o'erlook'd. Thy friend,
The brave young Quintus, how appears he now?

[*Icil.*, *Virginia*, *and Numitorius*, *but especially the former*, *show earnest attention and surprise.*

C. Numit. The wound proves but a slight one, as thou saidst,
Good uncle.—

Ica. And the foolish boy so proud
To have gain'd it, and in such a cause, I doubt
Its speedy scarring will much please him.

Icil. Wound?
And Quintus? What is this?

Virg. A fan, of two,
Kept for the fire we speak of. Wait their blast.
To hear it now, thy rage would know no bounds.
Gentle Icilia, and thou, boy, be close:
Even prudent Numitorius must awhile
Content him with like ignorance. — My son,
The awful moment — whatsoe'er our fate —
Must be at hand. 'T is fit we part. Go thou,

Mix with the people, and their wavering mood
Make steady with thine eloquence: their ire
Must take from thy strong passion keener edge.
Most kind Icilia, who art come, I feel,
To be beside thy friend, go with her,
And let Lucilla robe her in the garb
In which she mourn'd her mother. I myself
Will borrow of thee, Publius, some mean mantle,
Whose sordid folds accord with my distress.
Come, we must soon be summon'd.

Va. Father! [*looking from him, and stretching her arms to Icilius.*

Virg. Yes;
Embrace, my children. Thou all-seeing Jove,
[*spreading his hands over them, as Icil. clasps Virginia to his breast.*
Whose awful eyes look down with love and pity
On this most innocent pair, O let their woes
Here end forever, and this last embrace
Be but as parting on a gloomy eve
To meet a cloudless morrow!

A single and loud clap of thunder rolls over the scene, and shakes the walls.

VIRGINIA *and* ICILIUS *part instantly — all present listening with horror as the sound dies away.*

C. Num. [*clasping his hands in terror.*] Merciful Heaven!
'T was on the left!

Va. [*to Icil.*] Thy promise!

Icil. It is vow'd.

VIRGINIA *and* ICILIA *Exeunt at one side, while, in the opposite direction,* ICILIUS, *muffling his head in his mantle, Exit hurriedly.*

VIRGINIUS, *burying his face in his hands, remains in his position, supported by* NUMITORIUS, *while* CAIUS *seems to cower with fear, his face still upraised to the roof, and his hands locked together.*

The Drop falls.

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I. A part of the Forum.

M. CLAUDIUS, *going up to* LIVIA, *who enters.*

Marc. Thou art here.
Liv. But is Virginius? — Palter not!
If he appear not—— Thou hast heard me.
Marc. True,
And need no echo. Till the girl appear,
How can I answer thee? Come on.
Liv. No, here
I wait my summons. Is thy patron come?
Marc. Behold! [*pointing off the scene.*
Liv. Even now ascending; with an air
As if earth would not suffer him to fall.
Yet he may down.
Marc. Perchance. But, being up,
'T were well to think that he may see us here
From his high place, and bid me drag thee thither.
Liv. That thou may'st do; but canst thou make me speak?
Nor thou, nor thy decemvir. Here I stay.
When the sad father passes with his child,
I follow. If he fail, thou want'st me not.

MARCUS, *regarding her steadily a moment, Exit — when* LIVIA, *who has returned his look, draws her mantle over her head, and the Scene changes.*

Scene II.

Another part of the Forum.

A. Lucretius; T. Quinctius; L. Valerius.

Val. Titus, behold! our Jove is on his throne!
See where his subject mortals group around —
With looks that would affright more vulgar gods.
Lucr. Not without cause. Why, Lucius, look again!
Val. By Hercules, thou art right! The lictors' rods
Are chang'd for spears! their heads are helm'd; and, see!
What glitters on their breasts in the sun's rays?
Does simple wool shine thus? What say'st thou now,
Thou lukewarm Titus? Aims yon sceptred hand
To grasp the kingly diadem, or no?
Aims; for he shall not reach it! no! his arm,
Or mine, shall first drop nerveless.
Quinc. All my hopes
Thou knowest are with thee. Yet I still must doubt.
His friends are legion; and his foes ——
Val. A host.
Quinc. Of —— [*pointing disdainfully off the scene.*
Val. Men, good as his foes: at least, as strong;
For I see Aulus little likes the praise.
Lucr. My tastes are in abeyance till the issue.
I doubt your commons will not be too sage
After their victory, and foresee the day
Their tribunes will usurp a power, might make
Even Appius blush. But, for the nonce, your mob

Shall have their way — unless those dozen spears
Cool their intent. My friends are posted: Appius
Will cry in vain for succor.

Val. Part we then.
Keep Quinctius. [*in undertone.*] Liberty! [*going off.*

Lucr. The senate's rights!

[*Exit with Quinc. in opposite direction, and Scene changes to*

Scene III and Last.

The Forum, as in Act II, Scenes 1 *and* 3.

Appius, *on the tribunal, holding his sceptre of office, and surrounded by his Lictors armed. Behind the tribunal are seen other soldiers; and near him, but a little behind, a Messenger attending.* — Marcus Claudius. — *A Herald or Crier.* — P. Numitorius; C. Numitorius; Q. Icilius — *his arm in a sling.* — *Citizens.*

Enter

Virginius, *in an old and soiled toga, leading* Virginia, *in a mourning-cloak,*[b] *her head muffled with the same. Beside Va. walks* Icilius, *and behind her* Icilia *and the Nurse; a train of Matrons, weeping, follow immediately, and, at a little distance, comes also* Livia.

App. [*starting.*] Virginius! — Traitor! [*to Marcus, in an undertone.*

Virg. And to thy dismay.
Hear, Romans! hear what ——

Num. Patience, yet awhile.
[*Marcus, at this moment, gives a signal to Appius, by looking quickly and significantly at Livia.*
Lose not what little chance thou mayst have left
For a fair trial.

App. Trial thou shalt have —
Though the tribunal might be spar'd it, sure
Beforehand the defence is futile all,
Or mere imposture. [*Murmur in the People — while Numitorius is seen restraining Icilius.*
Silence there, ye frogs!
If ye 'ld not have me fling a stone among ye,
Or drain your filthy pool, since undisturb'd
Ye croak thus! Herald, rise. And let the Assertor
Bring on his proofs.

Num. [*indicating to Icil. and Virg., while the Herald steps out, the evident and deep resentment of the people.*
The pool heaves like a sea.
More of this insolence, and we are safe.

Herald. Silence! [*Marcus leads up Livia.*

Marc. Behold the mother of the slave.

Icil. Let her unhood. And thou, Virginius, mark!

Virg. Livia! — Slave? the mother free? [*to the people, with an expression of scorn and indignation.*

App. Be still!
Else here are those shall make thee. And, observe —

When 't is thy time to speak, to us, thy judge,
Turn that bold visage. Woman, now proceed.

Enter HORATIUS,
behind the crowd, and, mixing with the people, is seen earnestly exhorting them.

Liv. A plain tale, great decemvir. I was slave
To Claudius, when Virginius, here in presence,
Had knowledge of me. Witness that, his child,
Born of our commerce, on his dame impos'd
For her dead babe, to save his blood from thraldom.
This let Virginius, if he dare, gainsay.
His love for me is known.

Virg. And they who know it
Know that I freed this woman, for that love.
She was my captive, brought from taken Antium.
I lov'd her honestly; ('t was ere I had met
Thy sister, Publius.) But, being taught in time
Her falsehood with yon Claudius, plaintiff here,
I flung her off, as I would fling a viper, [*Livia draws her mantle again over her face.*
Never having known her in the way she says.[37]
I swear it by yon Heaven, which now let down
Its thunder on my sacrilegious head,
If I swear falsely!

App. Yonder heaven is clear.
The cloud is spent, whose solitary clap
Late shook the Capitol, nor has Jove bolts
To waste on such as thou. Vouch more profanely.
Nor canst thou be a witness for thyself.

Icil. [*advancing.*] But I can, for him. [*Horatius comes forward.*

Virg. And Virginius' honor,
Like that of all true Romans, is most fit
To swear by, since thou settest nought by Jove.

App. Thine honor, and his evidence, [*indicating, by a contemptuous and slight toss of the head, Icil.*] alike
Weigh nothing here, where each has puissant cause
To falsify.

Numit. [*adjuring Icil. and Virg. and putting himself in their way.*] Yet, for Virginia's sake!

Hor. [*restraining Icil. and Virg. by motion of the hand.*

But I
Have none. I, for Virginius' honor, pledge
My own; and what Icilius may not vouch,
That shall Horatius. [*Murmurs of satisfaction in the crowd.*] Yonder wretched woman
Is either slave or free. A slave, she has
No right to give her testimony, save
By torture; free, she is perjur'd, and the suit
Falls to the ground, and her vile life is forfeit.

[*Murmurs increase.*

But even if not, and could it be the child
Of a free woman should be born a slave,
Still is the witness worthless, for that I,
Marcus Horatius, know her lewd of life.
This vouch I by mine honor, and in face
Of the high gods! [*Burst of applause.*

App. What! dare ye clamor, curs?
Who is Horatius, that his simple word
Should make ye yelp thus, more than his, or hers?

Hor. Thine equal, Appius! in all points but one,
And in that one thy better; nor dar'st thou,
Spite the high place thou holdest over long,
Make me the mate of such things. I have given
My evidence. Impeach it, if thou canst;
If thou lik'st, swear me.

2d Cit. Ay, and let *them* swear!
He has not sworn, nor she.

Hor. Nor has the judge.
'T is proper on all sides.

1st Cit. But make them swear.
Give them a stone.

Liv. I am ready. [*As she takes the stone offered by Marcus, Appius whispers the Messenger, who disappears.*]
If, from guile
I bear false witness, may the day's dread sire,
Even as this stone I cast away, so me ——

Icil. [*to the people.*] Let her not proceed! Had she the right,
As she has none, being woman, slave, and vile,
Let her not swear! Who could not do as much?
They who dare lie in Heaven's face, what risk they,
Calling high Jove to witness to their truth?
Nor swear that valiant Roman and true man,
Horatius. Such need no attest. Time was,
That honor was to Roman freeman what
Hell's awful flood is to the gods, of oaths
The dreadest, and their sworn or simple word
Was better than the bonds of other men,

But now [*facing App.*], since tyranny has set its yoke
On our curv'd necks like cattle ——

App. Hast thou done?

Icil. Thou hear'st. — We crouch like them, and tremble;
More bestial still than cattle, that we have tongues
Which fawn, and cringe, and skulk; and, honor now
But little known, man trusts man's word no more,[38]
But calls the Unseen, whose vengeance is remote.
Thus they, who outrage Heaven by daily crime,
Swear sooner than good men, having less to lose.
Witness yon tool of your decemvir. Him,
Give *him* the Jove-stone? Cast-away of Jove,
What recks he of a second hurling, so
His carcass 'scape the throw decreed them here
Who mock thus gods and men; for 'scape it will ——

People. No!

Icil. Yes; for who made the laws sits there, and breaks them
Openly in your faces. I have done. [*to Appius.*

Enter Lucretius — *slowly*,
(*keeping apart.*)

App. Insolent rebel! It is such as thou,
Who mock both gods and men, affecting justice,
And making even religion but a stool
To mount to station; it is such as thou,
Who turn yon rabblement to coward cattle,
Making them crouch and lick the treacherous hand
That smooths their coarse necks but to yoke them.
Tremble?

Was it an Appius in the Volscian war
That made them tremble, when the villains fled,
Leaving my valiant sire? whose soul, thank Heaven,
I bear as well as name!

[*The people are seen in violent commotion,* HORATIUS *among them gesticulating in an animated manner, yet as if secretly.*
LUCRETIUS, *a little removed, looks on.*

Icil. Even so. — Quiritès!
Children of Romulus! Ye have not forgotten
'T was Appius, this man's sire, whose soul he boasts,
That scourg'd and gave to the axe your bravest soldiers,
Pick'd men, and the centurions, bastinading
So cruelly every tenth man of the rest,
That hundreds died, whence, after, the rous'd troops
Refus'd to fight, so that their enemies jeer'd them;
Whereas with Quinctius, Appius' kindly colleague,
So ready were they then, these recreant legions,
The Æqui durst not even march by the camp!
[*The commotion has increased, and now, with one voice.*
People. 'T is true!
Icil. Why do ye stand then? Come! [*moving towards the tribunal, while the people rush forward, led by Horatius — Lucretius taking no part. Appius makes a sign to the lictors, and they advance with ported spears, when the people halt.*
App. Because I bid them.

Assertor —— Thee [*to Icil.*], and thy true Roman there,
[*indicating Horat. with like significance.*
Presently. — Assertor, take thy slave.

Va. [*while the people, still led by Horat. rush boldly between her and the Lictors, — Lucretius now moving, but slowly, with them. The Matrons press still closer to Virginia, and hem her round.*
Now, Lucius!

Icil. All is not hopeless yet. See! [*indicating the people.*

Lucr. [*advancing before the people.*] Appius, stay!
Albeit cattle, the drove is over strong,
Even for thy spears.

App. [*furiously.*] Make way there! Dastards!
[*to Lictors.*

Hor. On!
On!

App. Do your duty! [*Lictors attempt to charge.*

Lucr. Halt there! we have horns.
[*pointing quietly to the crowd, several of whom have put their hands to their tunics.*
Appius, be wiser. Credit me, even now
The shears close on thy life's thread.

App. Rather thine,
Thou recreant noble. People! men of Rome!
I thirst not for your blood ——

2*d Cit.* Why then those spears?

App. Because of treason, plots against the State,
Whose head am I — plots of Icilius. Wherefore
Wear ye else hidden arms? [38]

Icil. Because of treason,

Treason against the State, whose head thou art not,
Except by usurpation. Such the law
Of great Valerius makes deserving death.[39]
[*Turning rapidly to the people.*] Brothers! children of
Brutus! what avails it
Our fathers drove out kings? And for what crime?
There sits your Tarquin ——
App. But thou stand'st not Brutus.[40]
Lictors! Seize, slay Icilius!
Va. Me! rather me!
Save him, Romans!
Lucr. [*stepping between Icil. and the Lictors, while Virg. holds back his daughter, pressing her to his breast.*
Appius, art thou mad?
'T is the last time I move to shield thee.
App. Thou!
Stand from the way: I would not shed thy blood.
People of Rome! resistance is in vain.
The majesty of justice shall not bow,
Save o'er my fallen body. Look behind me,
[*The people, already not over ardent, are seen to falter, despite the efforts of Horatius.*
Where stand twelve armed men to back these twelve;
And Oppius hears my summons for twenty more.
Hor. Thou wilt not get them.
App. [*looking around in alarm.*] How now!
Lucr. It is sure.
Thou art beset on all sides, or cut off

From other aid than these. Give justice way,
Thou'rt safe — at least from violence.

App. Who but ye
Are her impediments? The sire was heard —
Prov'd nothing; sentence was decreed. If still
Respondent have aught left to urge, we hear him.
But, the next outrage! — Speak.

Virg. And all give ear.
I have two arrows left. Though the first miss,
The next shall hit the mark. And thou, beware!
[*to App.*

App. Bend thy bow quickly, or I break the shaft.

Virg. [*turning Va. to face the people, uncovers her features.*
Daughter, unveil. [*Pauses.* — *A general burst of pity and admiration. The Matrons sob aloud.*

1*st Matron.* O shame to Roman manhood!
Will no arm strike for her?

Virg. I, I myself,
With these hands took her up, this virgin, this
Still tender girl, and plac'd her in my bosom.
Her feeble cry, the soft clasp of her fingers,
Whose little fold just met around my thumb,
Are present to my soul as fresh as then.
O Romans — fathers! O mothers! (she alas!
Has none — none now!) say, are these feelings proper
To me alone? or speak I what all know,
Have felt as I?

People.
Matrons. } All.

Virg. Could I feign these feelings?
Or does my language witness ——
Marc. [*interrupting him.*] No one doubts
The emotion, nor the truth of him who vaunts it.
But I say, Romans — and I too dare address ye
As fathers — and ye mothers too, and wives —
These feelings are delusive; for the true
Virginia expir'd, ere almost she had cry'd,
And this, the false, Virginius never took
Up to his bosom — never to avow her,
Though he have clasp'd her there a thousand times,
And fancied 't was the babe he had so rais'd.
Num. [*eagerly.*] Virginius then had no part in the cheat!
Marcus and Livia contradict each other!
App. But little; for the main points are the same.[41]
Virg. [*looking round upon the crowd and seeing the impression made by Marcus.*
That shaft has miss'd. And yet I deem'd the point
Had pierc'd the heart of every Roman, at least
Of every Roman mother through and through,
As if they were but one, I shot so straight.
Covering her features again, he consigns Va. *to* Icilia, *who supports her as before, and the Matrons instantly close round them.*
1*st Matr.* There are no Romans; our degenerate bowels
Give birth to monsters, as Icilius said.
Icil. Better be barren, or in the unshapen germ
Wither your bodies' fruit, than suffer travail,
And give your paps to daughters, whose fresh bloom
Shall deck the slave-mart!

1*st Matr.* Better wither all!

[*And the other women take up the cry*, — "Wither all!"

App. [*to Virg.*] Let fly thy other shaft.

Virg. 'T is at thy heart.

Come forward, boys. [*to Caius and Quint.*

These youths were present, Romans,
When Appius' slave show'd tables from his master
Bidding his colleague keep me at the camp
For two days. [Appius *half-rises.*] Mark your ruler!
But I then
Was on my way. Nor is this all. Three villains,
Hired to slay me, set on us near Rome ——

Hor. Of the same sort that took charge of Sicinius ——

[*Commotion.*

Virg. And would have earn'd their pay, but for our steeds,
We being unarm'd; and Quintus [*pointing to latter's arm.*] barely 'scap'd.

[*App., turning quickly, speaks to the soldiers behind him.*

Icil. [*who has listened with fiery impatience.*

Is this enough? Now, sons of Brutus, strike!

[*rushes forward, with his poniard drawn — Horat. and Lucret., on either side of him, in same manner.*

2*d Cit.* Down with the murderer!

1*st Cit.* For our freedom, strike!

App. [*pointing to Icil. as the latter turns about to encourage the people.*

Thrust, soldiers, there!

Lucr. [*putting aside a spear leveled at Icil.*
Stain to thy order, Appius!
Lucretius fights now on the people's side.
Hor. [*same act.*] I told thee so, Aulus. — [*Turning fiercely on the people, who give way before the soldiers.*
Traitors! what means this?
App. Death to thy hopes, Horatius. Soldiers, halt!
People! ——
Icil. O Rome! O Rome!
1*st Cit.* Icilius weeps!
Icil. [*indignantly uncovering his face, which he had muffled.*
[42] Weeps? for ye will not let him shed but tears,
Even for liberty.
1*st Cit.* Yet Appius should be heard.
2*d Cit.* Perhaps so. But Virginius' tale ——
App. Is such —
[43] A fiction. Appius stoops not to say more.
Ica. [*hastily.*] If 't be a fiction, O how like the truth!
Citizens, I myself have known, have seen,
The importunities your decemvir offer'd,
Even in the common streets — worse still, the gifts
Sent to this maiden, to this Roman girl —
Plebeian chastity being a thing to barter,
Unlike Lucretia's. —
1*st Matr.* Hear her!
App, Peace, ye trash!
[*Icil. is seen to repress a violent emotion.*
Ica. It is most strange, till Appius' lures had fail'd,
His client's pretext never was put forth!

App. Woman, who art thou? But I need not ask.
Thou art the sister of the would-be tribune.
Thy tongue, like his, has motive to be false.
Icil. [*passionately to the people.*
Must we bear this?
App. Much more, if 't be too light.
Lictors, make room: strike none but who oppose.
Once more, Assertor, take, as right, thy slave.

The People still stand between the advancing Lictors and the party that surrounds VIRGINIA, *but give way, though slowly, sullenly, reluctantly, step by step, except the Matrons, who boldly oppose themselves to the armed men, and still hem her round.* ICILIUS *is seen approaching the group, his hand before his face. The Lictors, hesitating to stop him, look round to* APPIUS *for directions.* LUCRETIUS *and* HORATIUS, *with their eyes on the Lictors, stand ready to sustain* ICILIUS.

Va. Lucius! Now! now!
Icil. I come, Virginia.
Virg. [*to Icil.*] Stay.

Taking VIRGINIA *by the hand, he leads her by* MARCUS (*who, looking at* ICIL., *hesitates to oppose*), *towards the tribunal, followed by the* NURSE, *and supported by* ICILIA.

[*to Marc.*] Thy hand withhold a moment. — Appius, pardon
The outbreaks of a father's grief; and suffer,
Before I part forever from my child,
I question her apart, her nurse, and friend,

And put at rest my doubts.

App. We grant thy prayer.

But be not long; the day draws to a close.

The light here suddenly falling, as at the going-down of the sun, the stage becomes gloomy.

VIRGINIUS *etc. take their way to the shops, followed closely by* ICILIUS, *who is beckoned on by* VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIUS *snatches a knife from one of the open windows.*

Virg. [*stabbing her.*] My child, return unto thy mother.

[*Resigning her to the arms of Ica. and Nurse, while Icil. hangs over her, and brandishing the knife.*

Appius!

To the Hell-gods, with this blood, I devote thee!

Marc. He has kill'd his daughter! [*Burst of horror from the People, while Appius rises upright from his chair.*

App. Seize on the murderer!

Virg. [*rushing to the people with the knife held up.*

Romans! I have us'd a father's right, the law
And nature gave; sole refuge from pollution.

Hor. 'T is just. Down with the lictors!

[*striking down the foremost.*

2*d Cit.* Death to the Tarquin!

[*wresting his spear from the next.*

1*st Cit.* [*almost at same moment.*]

Throw Marcus and the woman from the rock!

The Lictors and Soldiers, beaten down, stabbed, or their arms wrested from them, fly, MARCUS *and* LIVIA *with them — some of the People pursuing.*

APPIUS, *descending from the tribunal, towards which the rest are rushing, endeavors to escape. Throwing down the scaffold with its chair, they spring upon him,* VIRGINIUS (*the knife still raised*) *with them, followed by* CAIUS *and* QUINTUS.

NUMITORIUS *and the Matrons gather around* VIRGINIA, *who is brought to the forepart of the Scene, — the tumult and cries, and struggle against Appius, all the while continuing.*

2*d Cit.* Down with the tribunal!

Hor. Leave to me! ——

Lucr. To me,

The tyrant!

ICILIUS, *pressing* VIRGINIA *a moment in his arms, springs after them, beating back the crowd to get at* APPIUS, *who, striking down the foremost of his assailants with his sceptre, flings it away, and draws his poniard.*

Icil. No! — Back! back!

App. To none!

[*stabs himself.*

Appius dies worthy of himself and name —
And, dying, sends thee that, accursed dog!

Hurling the poniard at ICILIUS, *whom it misses,* APPIUS, *muffling his head in his mantle, falls and expires.*

Icil. [*dropping his own poniard.*]
'T is better thus. [*He returns, to hang over Virginia.*

Voice of Sp. Oppius within. } He shall have company.

Enter
VALERIUS *and* QUINCTIUS.

Val. We have heard. —— To escape the people, Spurius Oppius
Has slain himself.

Exeunt,
slowly, and separately, in different directions, all the Citizens, save 1ST *and* 2D CIT., *who stand by the body of* APPIUS, *but looking on the party of* VIRGINIUS.

Va. [*opening her eyes.*] Is 't thou, Icilia? Kind!
Where is my father? Did I dream the joy?
Or is Rome — liberated?
Virg. 'T is at last, my — child:
But at what cost!
Va. I knew it. I am content.
Yet, is it — painful. Lucius — my beloved —
Receive — my last breath. Father, I — die — pure.[44]
Virg. Thou diest a Roman; and thou diest free.

VIRGINIA, *putting up her lips to* ICILIUS, *her arms extended to him, expires.*

ICILIUS, *having received her last breath, withdrawing his lips, resigns her to his sister, lifts his face a moment upwards towards Heaven, then muffles his head with his mantle.* VIRGINIUS, *turning aside his face, covers it with his hand. The* NURSE *is lying, gathered in a heap, at the dead girl's feet, with her face to the ground, wrapped in the skirt of* VIRGINIA'S *garment.*

HORATIUS, LUCRETIUS, *and the rest, stand in various attitudes of grief and awe, the* MATRONS *sobbing, but low, behind, while faintly, from within the scene, is heard, as far in the distance, the cry of* "Liberty!" *and the*

Curtain falls.

NOTES

NOTES TO VIRGINIA

1.—P. 86. *The shadow of thy wings, three times this hour*—] This is the stage-reading. I have a memorandum, that in print it would be better to substitute the less pointed "day"; for the Romans, at this early period, did not divide the day by hours. — But "hour" must pass even here; since there is no other way to express the brief time of the conference, to which alone *Appius* refers.

2.—P. 86. *The people laid him out!*] For the Stage (as the language cannot be too perspicuous for an audience, who have not the time to pause upon a phrase), there may be substituted: "The people buried him!" or "A pauper's burial!"

So, in the passage above,—*If thou go down, my head, Be sure, rests not unmuffled*,—though Shakspeare's mention of Cæsar's action, when about to expire, has made the custom alluded-to sufficiently familiar to a mixed audience, yet, if deemed more directly explicit, the actor may recite as follows:

> "When Appius veils his head,
> Be sure my mantle hangs not from the shoulder.
> We fall together.
> *App.* Now, no more. -- One thing," *etc.* (as in the text.)

3.—P. 87. *Thou might'st thank Cornelius then, When Lucius from the senate-porch made cry Unto the people, his arms about thee cast Sav'd thee from violence*——] "Tum Appius..... ad Valerium, negatum se privato reticere, lictorem accedere jussit. Jam Quiritium fidem implorante Valerio a curiæ limine, L. Cornelius [M. Cornelii decemviri frater] complexus Appium, non cui simulabat consulendo, diremit certamen. Liv. III. c. 37. p. 186 *ed.* Twiss (*ex recens.* Drakenborch.) *Oxon.* in 8°. 1840.

4.—P. 89. *While thou shalt help me to dispose my mantle*—] The Roman *toga*, which resembled greatly the Spanish *capa*, and in this form, though of smaller dimension, is still seen on the Italian priests in Rome, required, as does the *capa*, some care in the disposition of its folds. What pains were taken by the orators may be imagined without the story of Hortensius and the minute directions of Quintilian. *Appius* is not finical, even for that early day of the Commonwealth.

The object, however, for which I mark this passage, is to call the attention of the Actor to a point that is habitually neglected on the Stage. The toga was an out-door habit. To make the Roman wear it in the house, *as a house-dress*, is almost as much out of costume as it would be in a comedy to dress the characters in-doors in Spanish mantles, or, indeed, in any sort of cloak. It is not worse, it is true, than Richard's crown and furred robe in Bosworth-field; but such absurdities should be avoided by any player studious of propriety, without which, effect is but unnatural, and illusion is impossible.

As to the precise cut of the Roman mantle, there is, it may be said, no positive indication. We have it represented, and the description supported by authorities, as *round*, as *semi-circular*, and even as *square*, that is, rectangular or having straight lines on all its sides, while some do not hesitate to maintain that it was stitched together from top to bottom.* It may safely be supposed, that while the mode of wearing

* Ferrarius, in making it to be round and closed (*De Re Vestiaria*, lib. i. c. 1. p. 619 *in Grævii Thesaur.* vol. vi.—Venet. in fol. 1732), would give us the

it was almost always the same, so far at least as the bringing of the right side over the left shoulder, which was partly a necessity arising from its length and amplitude, the cut differed according to the means, if not the occasions of the wearer. Do we not see Spaniards who wear the common French and English cloak like their national *capa?* Yet these are square in all their edges; while the *capa*, to which I have compared the ancient Roman mantle, is, when amplest, a perfect circle; the two front edges being laid together, the centre is the hole formed by the collar. Take away the cape and collar, and you have a *toga*. But when the *capa* is less full (and this is almost always the case), it makes, spread out, a semicircle. Without this circular sweep of the bottom edge, it could not form those graceful or those majestic folds which, when the right side is thrown over the left shoulder, make this mantle conspicuous among the few that still survive the ugly fashions which the quick movements of a busier modern life have introduced. But for the authorities. Among the ancients, Quintilian says distinctly that the toga was *round*: "Ipsam togam rotundam esse, et apte cæsam velim. Aliter enim multis modis fiet enormis." *Orat. Inst.* XI. 3., *Colon.* in 12° 1528, p. 517. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that it

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Mexican *poncho* (as I have heard it called), which is a circular cloak without opening save in the centre, to admit the head and neck. As to his citation from Gellius (lib. vii.), that in the earliest times the Romans wore nothing whatever on their person but the toga, it would not follow that if then it was, for obvious reasons, closed in front, it should continue to be so when worn over another garment, and judging by the modern use of a cloak we might say just the contrary. The same necessity, for closing in the first case, would exist for leaving it open in the latter.

Aldus Manutius (*De Toga Romanor.*, ap. *Grævium* ubi. cit. p. 1192,) maintains the same strange opinion, using the same baseless argument derived from the custom of a semi-barbarous antiquity. All the statues, so far as I know, that represent the outer garment sewed up to the breast or neck, indicate the *læna*, or *pænula*, traveling and foul-weather cloaks. See *note* 25.

was semicircular.* He tells us that when the Etruscan ambassadors accepted the conditions of L. Tarquinius, that is, of complete surrender, they brought to him, a few days after, the symbols of sovereignty with which they adorned their own kings, and among them the purple tunic wrought with gold (χιτωνα τε πορφυρουν χρυσοσημον) and the variegated purple cloak or robe (και περιβολαιον πορφυρουν ποικιλον), such as the kings of the Lydians and Persians wore, except that *it was not square in form like that, but half-circular:* πλην ου τετραγωνον γε τῳ σχηματι, καθαπερ εκεινα ην, αλλ' ἡμικυκλιον. And he adds immediately: τα δε τοιαυτα των αμφιασματων Ῥωμαιοι μεν τογας, Ἕλληνες δε τηβεννον καλουσιν. (*Antiq.* III. 61.—p. 187, t. i. *ed. Hudson. Oxon.* in fol. 1704.) † Among modern writers, Sigonius,

* Winkelmann, who maintains that the form of the toga was round ("zirkelrund geschnitten,") committed the strange oversight to find in the passage of Dionysius, presently cited, the adjustment or envelopment (*Umnehmen*), otherwise *cast* of the mantle described by the semi-circular outline, not its form. His commentator fails not to remark this error of perhaps a too rapid reading, or of the prejudice of theory or the near-sightedness caused by preconceived opinions; and he adds: "Deutlich sieht man die halbzirkelförmige Gestalt des Toga an den Statuen, wo sie zwey Enden (oder Winkel) macht, das eine vor, das andere hinter der Person, welche die Toga trägt." *Gesch. der Kunst des Alterthums, Buch* VI. c. 3 (*Werke*, 5r *Bd. s.* 72 u. 377.—Dresden, in 8° 1812.)

† From that wonderful people, the Etruscans, the Romans, in all probability, derived, not only the curule chair, the lictors and fasces, the purple and the painted vestment, and, I may add, the sceptre with its eagle, of their rulers, but also the *toga*, the prototype of which (in its rude and scantier shape, not in its perfection,) may be seen in certain monuments of that ancient race. See *Tav.* 31 in Ferrario: *Costume ant. e mod.* vol. 5 (Firenze, 1828, in 8°) p. 163. In another plate, *Tav.* 3. (*ib.* p. 62,) we have a group of figures, well-drawn, of which one wears a *toga*, or mantle corresponding thereto, the part over the left shoulder being grasped by the right hand, as if to hold it there, as is often seen with those who wear the Spanish cloak. (cf. *Tav.* 5. ib. p. 74.) But the

(*De Judiciis* lib. III. c. 18.—*ap. Graev. in Thesaur. Antiq. supra cit.* vol. II. p. 814), gives us the choice between the semicircular and the quadrate form, though he appears to lean judiciously to the former, as the proper cut:— "Toga amictus fuit exterior, a tegendo, ut scribit Varro, corpore appellata. Hæc fuit lanea, semicircularis, tunica superior, ad talos fluens, eademque aperta .... Semicircularem docet Dionysius in Prisco, cum scribit, *togam pictam amictum*," etc. [as above]; "et Isidorus libro xix. scribens, *togam pallium esse purum forma rotunda; mensura vero togæ justæ esse sex ulnas.*" It will be observed that he does not remark the difference between the *round* of Isidore, and the *half-circle* of Dionysius. They are in fact, as I have tried to show, the same thing so far as the different amplitude of the garment allows it. "Contra vero quadratum fuisse monuit Athenæus lib. 5°, cum inquit: *Romani in Asia, ut vim Mithridatis effugerunt, ad templa confugerunt, et, quadratis vestimentis abjectis, pallia sumpserunt.* Togas autem eas fuisse, Cicero indicat in Oratione pro Postumo: *P. Rutilium*, inquit, *facilius certe necessitatis excusatio defendet, qui, cum a Mithridate Mitylenis oppressus esset, crudelitatem regis in togatos vestitus mutatione vitavit, etc.*" See the whole chapter, which is full of interest and instruction. However, without the supposed corroboration of Cicero, the citation from Athenæus would be obviously of no account, and I am not sure it would be difficult to explain away the testimony even of the former. It was one of the military cloaks that is intended by Athenæus.

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centre and helmed figure, with the two lictors in tunics preceding him with their fasces, the first one holding also in his right hand a single rod, wears, if he represent a chief *Lucumon* or Etruscan king, the *trabea*, with its stud or button in the centre, which, by those who like the Abbe Magnetti (*Cost. Etrus.*, in *Ferrar.*, vol. cit. p. 67.) consider the *clavus* as such a stud, may be considered the origin of that ornament of rank with the Romans. Dionysius may have drawn on his imagination for the identity, in form, of the royal garment with the toga; but it is sufficient for the argument, that he must have been familiar with the shape of the Roman mantle, and that, doubly defining it, by its Latin and Greek name, he makes it to have been half-circular.

As Cicero, like other Roman writers, uses "toga" often figuratively for *peace*, and makes it the very emblem of public tranquillity and freedom from warfare,* he could mean, one would think, in employing in that passage the phrase *togatos*, but to express the *gens togata*, the Romans, as a people the object of Mithridates' hatred, not in that particular instance where it would be even absurd to suppose they wore the mantle of civil life.† *Toga vero Romani in pace utebantur, in bello paludamentis.* (*Vet. Schol.* in *Pers.* v. 14.—where, as is often done, *paludamentum* is made synonymous with *sagum.*‡) *Toga* as a phrase was

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* "Non dixi" [he is speaking in reference to his use of the phrase *Cedant arma togæ*] "hanc togam qua sum amictus . . . sed, *quod pacis est insigne et otii*, toga." *Orat. in L. Pison.* c. 30.—p. 70 Op. ed. *Bipont.* t. vi. Again, speaking of certain habitual ornaments of discourse,—"*togam pro pace.*" De Orator. III. 42. (p. 266 t. ii. *ed. cit.*)

It is unnecessary to accumulate evidence of a fact so familiar; I will add only, that in times of great danger, the Republic being in actual war, the mantle was changed in the city itself for the scantier and less stately military cloak (*sagum*). See sub-note ‡.

† Yet, taken in connection with what directly precedes it in the oration for Rabirius ("Fecerat temere,"—and so on, through the page,—144 t. vi, Oper.; *ed. cit.*) the passage is one of perplexity. Aldus Manutius (ubi cit. p. 1202) tells us that according to Plutarch the ancients *fought in the toga girded.* Referring to the passage, which is in Coriolanus, I find it unmistakable, even allowing for the time in which he wrote, when the toga had fallen into considerable disuse, and for what he avows to have been his imperfect knowledge of the Roman tongue. Ην δε τοτε τοις Ῥωμαιοις εθος, εις ταξιν καθεσταμενοις, και μελλοισι τοις θυρεοις αναλαμβανειν, και περιζωννυσθαι την τηβεννον, αμα και διαθηχας αγραφους γενεσθαι, κ. τ. λ. (*Oper.* t. i. p. 217. ed *Xyland.* Francof. in fol. 1599.) My limits, already greatly extended, do not permit me to examine this question further. I will but add, that if the toga were short and scanty (as it must have been with the poor), it could have been girded, and thus made literally succinct, as with the troops in Plutarch. See sub-note below, which appears to furnish, in the assertion of Rubenius, a conjectural solution of the difficulty.

‡ *Sagum* and *paludamentum*, frequently put reciprocally for the same outer-

used constantly in opposition to war, the pursuits of war, and the habiliments of war; of which it would be superfluous to cite instances; and *togati* absolutely to express the Roman citizens, not soldiers, as in this very story in Livy, after the catastrophe and Virginius' appeal in the camp: "Immisti turbæ militum togati." III, 50 (t. i. p. 293. *Elsev.*).

As to the size of the toga, the variety in which needs hardly any argument or citation of authorities, it is discussed by Aldus Minutius: (*ut supra* p. 1198.) The six ells assigned to its just measure, were of the ample cloak undoubtedly, and not of such as Cato wore. A Spanish mantle that is circular will contain seven yards of broadcloth. Cicognara makes the diameter of the semicircle about three times the statue of a man, and in the broadest part its width about a third.* That it reached to the heels, as Sigonius describes it, may be said to have been impossible, because impracticable, for ordinary wear. That error, like the description of its passing under the right arm, comes from the observation of statues.

The material was wool, as indeed with all the garments, except of the priests, during the earlier days of the Republic. It was without color (*pura*) for the ordinary citizen; but in persons of rank there was an insertion or embroidery of purple called the *clavus*.†

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garment, corresponded with the Greek *chlamys*, and like it were fastened with a clasp or brooch, usually on the right shoulder, leaving the arm on that side bare. But it might be shifted, that is, the mantle be clasped to the left, or the clasp brought to the middle. Its length varied, and it may be supposed to have been worn both fuller and longer by men of rank, as in the *paludamenta* of the Emperors. Rubens (for it is the son of the great painter who is known as *Rubenius*) gives us the figure of the *chlamys*,—very much resembling a wide-bottomed petticoat of the present mode. He considers the *toga* as not differing much in form from this, the *chlamys*, except *in magnitude and its cast*. "Togam Romanam haud multum forma a chlamyde diversam fuisse, sed magnitudine solum et circumjectu, existimo." (*De Re Vestiaria*: lib. II. c. 8.—*Gracv. Thes.* vi. 1018.) Will this help to explain the doubtful phrase in Cicero, and the one still more perplexing in Plutarch?

* *Storia della Scultura*, I. c. 5: (*Venez.* in fol. 1813. t. i. p. 81.)

† Grævius, in the preface of his 6th volume, shows, as he himself says

As to the right arm's being left free, of which I have just spoken, it is probable that this was only the mode adopted by orators. Were one to speak in any cloak whatever, he would naturally, I might almost say necessarily, free the right arm precisely as we see it often (not always) in statues. But that it was so worn on other occasions, and especially in the streets, is not more probable than it would be were one, who had been in Spain, to assume that such was the mode of wearing the mantle there. The length alone would prohibit it, because when so worn it would touch the ground precisely as we see it in the *Augusto Togato* of Visconti, which nevertheless, and though in a rhetorical attitude, has the right shoulder covered by the mantle, the right arm being well freed by the depression and largeness of the fold.*

Rubenius does, beyond the possibility of skepticism, that the *clavi* were stripes inwoven or embroidered in the toga. "Clavos fuisse lineas ad instar fasciarum, oblongas quadratas, non rotunda frusta, aut pannos, capitibus clavorum similes, tam certis et liquidis argumentis probare mihi videtur Rubenius, ut ne Pyrrho quidem de hac re dubitare possit. ... Tunica laticlavia dicitur Graecis μεσοπορφυρος, *quæ in medio purpuram habet intextam*," etc. etc. See all on that page (it is not numbered), and, further on, the two following pages and part of the next.

A more modern authority is just as positive "that the terms arose from the figure of the *clavus* (a stud) on the dress." Fuss (*Rom. Antiq.*—Transl. Sect. 452., Oxf. in 8°. 1840. p. 521). He adds: "A passage in Horace, Sat 1. 6, 28, seems to prove that it was worn on the breast," and quotes:

> "Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediit crus
> Pellibus, et latum demisit pectore clavum."

To correct so strange a surmise, it is merely necessary to quote the gloss of Torrentius. "Demisit: *recto ordine descendebant insuti clavi, vel intexti.*"

* See the representation of this very noble statue, probably of Greek art, in the *Museo Pio-Clementino*, (Roma 1784,) Tav. xlv. Tom. II.; with note (*b*) p. 92. A copy of this sumptuous work will be found in the *Astor Library*. The figure is imitated on a smaller scale in Ferrario (*Costume*, ec. V. Tav. 7), where the want of accuracy of the designer has actually added to the majesty and *breadth* of effect which distinguish the original.

Merely adding, for the benefit of the actor, the judicious advice of Quintilian, not to let the side that is thrown over the shoulder descend lower in front than the middle of the leg nor behind so low as the hips, I will conclude this too-long essay on what was the distinguishing outer characteristic of Roman citizens, and continued so while Rome retained her liberty, by quoting from Cicognara: "Non eravi in Roma distinzione più onorevole della toga. Gl' imperatori la vestivono, e Cesare stesso era di quella coperto allorchè fu assassinato in Senato. (*Sueton.* in *Caes.* c. 82.) Settimio Severo, che arrivò alle porte di Roma in abito militare, smontò da cavallo ed entrò in città alla testa delle sue truppe dopo d' esservi rivestito della toga. (*Dion. Cass. Hist. Rom.* l. I. xxiv.)" *Storia ec.*, I. c. 5. p. 87. The last sentence is worthy of note as confirming by an example the essential character of the toga, as a civil garment only and robe of peace.

5.—P. 91. *Not at least Till Hymen's torch is lighted*, etc.] This reading, as being the simplest and most directly intelligible, is I think the best also for the Stage. But if a more florid and elaborate one be preferred, it may be adopted as follows:

Ica. Not at least
Till Hesper rising bids the five-fold torch
Of Love be lighted, and the deck'd couch is spread
Here in the hall, and thy cheeks' blushes, deepening
Under the saffron veil, make pale the flowers
That crown thy locks, and o'er thy yellow shoes
Flows the white stole whose purple fringe I am weaving, —
When girded, *etc.*

or:

Ica. Till the star
Of evening rising bids the five-fold torch
Of Hymen kindle, *etc.* (as above):

while again, the text may be further simplified for general ears, by substituting after the colon in the fourth line:

. . . when deeper glows thy cheek
Under the veil, and the long robe enwraps thee,

(or, as in the text, "and the fring'd robe is on thee,") *etc.*

6.—P. 93. *Full five denarii, has consum'd my all.*] Or read: "Full twenty sesterces, consumes my all;" which will be familiar enough. The denarius was equal to ten *asses* (the *as* representing at that time a pound of brass). And originally the verse redd, "Full fifty asses, *etc.*" But this would have had an equivocal sound for an audience.

7.—P. 95. *Alas, I weep not therefore*, etc.] For the Stage, omit from this verse to the half-verse, "*Va.* To this stranger," inclusive.

8.—P. 101. . . . *he frowns*, etc.] For the Stage, if the Actor of *Icilius* be tall,—"he towers."

9.—P. 104. *Which soon will pale but one, and ported bare.*] For the Stage, may be substituted the more ordinary:

Ere long to encircle one, and carried bare.

But the elevated language of the text is better suited to the occasion and the man.

10.—P. 105. *And made the street* Accursed *to this day!*] According to the well-known story, which is probably the exaggeration of the sequel of an atrocious deed, it was the wife of Tarquin, Servius' own daughter, who drove over the body of the murdered king. Dionysius tells the tale with considerable effect, which would have been heightened but for his mania of putting speeches into the mouths of all his characters; how, when the body was yet palpitating (σπαιροντος), the fiendish woman forced the reluctant charioteer to drive over it in the narrow street, striking him, in her fury, with the foot-bench. The

change in the name of the street is then told:— Ουτος ὁ στενωπος, ολβιος* καλουμενος προτερον, εξ εκεινου του δεινου και μυσαρου παθους ασεβης ὑπο Ῥωμαιων κατα την πατριον γλωτταν καλειται. Dion. Hal. *Antiq.* IV. xxxix. p. 233 t. i. *ed. supra cit.*

Livy's account, "Creditur, etc." (*lib.* I. c. 48. t. i. p. 56, *Twiss;* p. 71, *Bipont;* p. 97, *Gronov.*) is worth reading, because, from a certain preciseness of detail, it carries you to the scene and with the actor. He proceeds: "*Sceleratum* vicum vocant, quo amens, agitantibus furiis sororis ac viri, Tullia per patris corpus carpentum egisse fatur," etc.

a.—P. 111. Venus Cloacina.] The origin of this strange title, according to Lactantius (*de Falsa Relig.* lib. i,—as cited in the Elzevir Livy, t. i. p. 189), was as follows: "Cloacinæ simulacrum in Cloaca maxima Tatius consecravit, et, quia cujus effigies ignorabat, ex loco illi nomen imposuit."

11.—P. 108. — in their tunics.] Under the *toga* was worn the *tunic*, which at first was without sleeves.† It was girt around the waist, and descended about to the knee: "Nam *infra* mulierum est, *supra* centurionum. (Quint. *Orat.* XI. ed. cit. p. 517.) This was worn by all ranks, and with the common people was their sole garment. But

* A note in Drakenborch's Livy (ed. *Twiss*) at the corresponding passage will be useful here. Speaking of the name in Livy, "*Urbium*, vulgo *Virbium*, qui haud procul Bovillis fuit, (Pers. Sat. vi. 55" [where see *Vet. Schol.*]) it proceeds: "*Orbium* videtur velle Festus 'cui nomen a flexuosis orbibus.' Huic cognomen Scelerati hæsisse probabile est; certe non Cyprio Vico" [as in some edd. of Dionys.], ut constat ex Varr. de L. L. iv. qui *Sceleratum vicum* haud procul Cyprio fuit." See also in the elegant Elzevir ed. (Gronov.) of 1679, the note on the same term; t. i. p. 97.

† When worn, they did not descend further than the elbow, usually not so far. "I soli plebei vili, e gli uomini infami usavano le maniche lunghe, come si vede dagli archi di Tito e di Constantino." Levati. *Cost. dei Rom.* in Ferrario: *Cost.* ec. V. 613.

as the knights and senators wore the toga with a stripe of purple, those narrower, these wider, so the tunic was, with them, likewise distinguished.* Hence *Icilius*, a little earlier in the text, says to *Lucretius:*

"And they please me little;
As does thy *purpled tunic*, which they suit."

In the bust, supposed of Junius Brutus, (Visc. *Iconogr. Rom.* I. *Pl.* 2. and expl. ch. 2., p. 16: *Paris*, in fol., 1817,) we see the tunic very full, making numerous plaits, as compressed by the toga.

In saying that this body-garment was the only dress of the common people, it must be understood, at all ordinary times; for on solemn occasions it is not to be supposed that even the lower classes, except the very poor, were without the upper vestment which was the distin-

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* *Tunica.* "Hæc angustior et brevior quam toga fuit, ac primum sine manicis, deinde manicata, ac cinctura constricta est.

"Cum ergo cives omnes Romani tunica uterentur, factum est, ut tunicæ ordines distinxerint: nam senatores et equites tunicam clavatam induerunt, plebs rectam" [*puram*,[a] h. e.—colorless] et sine clavis. Clavata tunica fuit, quæ clavos purpureos intextos habuit, aut latos aut angustos. Fuerunt autem clavi, quasi flores panno intexti[b] .... Cæterum tunica latos clavos purpureos intextos habens, quæ et *latus clavus* et *tunica lati clavi* dicta est, propria fuit senatorum atque amplissimi ordinis insigne." Car. Sigon. *in Græv. Thes.* ubi cit. c. xix. p. 820 sq.

See also the whole of that chapter. Sigonius quotes there so amply and so aptly that the interest it excites is unusual.

"... De tunica lati clavi purpurea ... satis aperta ... significatio in hoc Ovidii versu:

"*Induiturque humeris cum lato purpura clavo.*" Ald. Man. u. c. p. 1206.

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[a] "*Toga pura* fuit communis toga hominorum *privatorum*, eorumque *virorum*. Itaque etiam *virilis* est appellata. Ac *pura* quidem dicta, quod albi coloris esset, nulla admista purpura." Sigon. *ubi supra*, p. 816.

"Toga, pura, virilis, libera, *recta*, eadem erat." Ald. Manut. *ib.* p. 1192.

[b] See, above, sub-note † on p. 185, s ¦.

guishing garb of a Roman citizen.* Thus (a little below in the text), *Icilius* bids the *Citizens*, that is, the more substantial among them, *put on their mantles.* It was in fact, in that great city of the olden day, as you may see it now, in London for example, where grooms and several others of the lower classes go in their sleeved waistcoats in ordinary; only, the Roman wore no shirt under his tunic, that being, even for the rich, the sanitary comfort of a later day which saw the introduction or the familiar use of linen and cotton. Nature is the same everywhere and at all times, rising above fashions or modifying their conditions. Keeping this fact in view, we shall seldom be mystified by the conjectures and disputes of antiquaries. In modern times, vulgar men, or men who love their ease more than elegance or decorum, take off their common coat in-doors and sit in their vest and shirt-sleeves. Were they woolen tunics only, we should have in these the ancient Roman, who knew not the convenience, except in military life, of a succinct upper-garment.

12.—P. 113. *Why did I make that law? What is plebeian, That flesh patrician may not mate with it?*] Ὡς δε ουκ ηδυνατο προς γαμον αυτην λαβειν, εκεινην τε ὁρων εγγεγυημενην ἑτερῳ, και αυτος γυναικα γαμετην· και ἁμα ουδ' αξιων εκ δημοτικου γενους ἁρμοσασθαι γαμον, ὁν αυτος εν ταις δωδεκα δελτοις ανεγραψε, κ.τ.λ. Dion. Hal. *Ant. R.* XI. xxviii. (*Op.* ed. cit. t. i. p. 676.)

"Jam et processerat pars major anni, et duæ tabulæ legum ad prioris anni decem tabulas erant adjectæ." Liv. *Hist.* III. c. 37. (t. I. p. 186, ed. cit.)

Cicero speaks of this characteristic law in one of the defective chapters of his Republic (II. 37. *Nobbe,* ex recens. *Ernest.* Lips. 16°.

* "Itaque objicias licet, quam voles sæpe, palliatum fuisse, *aliqua habuisse non Romani hominis insignia* etc." Orat. pro Rabirio. The whole passage (p. 194, Cic. *Op.* Bipont. t. vi.) is worth reading, as illustrating the tenacity with which the Romans held to the wearing of the toga as characteristic of their people, even in the days of Cicero.

1827): a chapter which incidentally refers to the subject-story of this Tragedy. "Ergo horum ex injustitia" [Decemviror. *sc.*] "subito exorta est maxima perturbatio et totius commutatio rei publicæ: qui, duabus tabulis iniquarum legum additis, quibus, etiam quæ disjunctis populis tribui solent connubia, hæc illi ut ne plebei cum patribus essent, inhumanissima lege sanxerunt; quæ postea plebeiscito Canuleio abrogata est: libidinosoque omni imperio et acerbe et avare populo præfuerunt."

13.—P. 115. *'T is Virginius' daughter! Num. Gods! we are too late.*] The passage may read thus:

> 'T is Virginius' daughter!
> *Icil.* Gods!—— [*springing forward in the direction of the sound.*
> *Num.* We are too late. [*following*, etc.

But it is more consistent with the character of *Icilius*, that he should not exclaim, but act at once, as I have made him in the text; — where, if preferred, *Numit.'s* part may read, "O! we are too late."

14.—P. 118. *Romans! freemen! brothers! Ye know me; I have never spoken false. This is Virginius' daughter;* etc.] Between the second and third lines of this appeal, I had written two other verses. They may be restored, if judged advisable; the passage reading thus:

> —— I have never spoken false.
> Look on this tender maid, half-dead with shame
> To be so branded. Has a slave such mien?
> It is Virginius' daughter; *etc.*

15.—P. 119. *If thou dare touch her, though it be the form,—*] Or, more directly intelligible perhaps, thus:

> If thou dare touch her, though the form require it:

(*Marcus*, namely, putting forth his hand to touch the shoulder of

Virginia, as the formality exacted on such occasions.) But what *Marcus* says, himself, presently, may render the meaning plain enough:

——————— let me wave the form.

16.—P. 119. *Now, by the manes*, etc.] The actor may read: "Now by the ashes," *etc.*; though the former word should be sufficiently familiar.

17.—P. 120. *By the same law, assert her to be free, And as her guardian, in the father's room, Demand the right to lead her where I will.*] Or:

By the same law, assert her unto freedom,
And as her guardian claim the natural right, [*or*,
claim prescriptive right.]
She being born free, to take her whence she came.

But the legal phrase, "assert her unto freedom," though more strictly Roman, would not be directly understood from the stage.— The last line of the text: "Demand the right, *etc.*," may be redd,

Claim natural right to reconduct her home.

18.—P. 124. *Arrest*, etc.] The naturalness is marred in this and the preceding line *metri grat.* Omit for the Stage the last word in either verse. But in the second may be redd: "Seize him, bind, or slay!"

19.—P. 125. *But who are surety that the girl appear?*] This verse, with the four in connection, directly before and after it, may be thus modified:—

Num. My son, that was not wise.
See! they have taken alarm.
Marc. Be 't, great decemvir:
I ask but justice. Meantime, that the girl
May be forthcoming, let the friends find bail.
Val. Here! Lucius Valerius.
Hor. And Horatius, here!

People. { And here!
And here!
And all of us!

Which perhaps would be the better reading for the Stage, because it expresses more distinctly that requirement of the Roman law, which we have, among so many others, borrowed; the word "bail" exciting at once in the minds of the audience a familiar image.

Or again:

See where the pander, *etc.*
Marc. Be 't great decemvir! Meantime, let the friends
Give surety that the maiden re-appear.

Or:

I ask but justice. Meantime, that the girl
May be forthcoming, let the friends find bail.

20.—P. 127. App. *Waits no one more for justice? Lictors, move.* (Rises, and *etc.*] Otherwise, omitting this last verse, where *Appius'* "Waits no one more for justice?" might excite a smile:

Appius, *looking from side to side for a moment, rises slowly, and as he turns, about to descend the tribunal, the Drop falls.*

21.—P. 128. *'T were best not ask me.* (carelessly.] Or: "I am not Pontiff, [*coldly.*" But this would need more knowledge of the Roman religion than the audience in general can have.—For "Think'st thou there be Furies?" may be redd, "Believ'st thou in the Furies?"

22.—P. 130. *I made thee note the daughter's beauty*—] —"Virginia's beauty" is preferable: but from the Stage, the enunciation of "Virginius," almost directly after, would be unpleasant, from the want of a sufficiently sensible difference between the sounds.

23.—P. 131. *Torture his pride!* etc. etc. to end of Scene.] Or, omit-

ting these five last lines, make Marcus' *Exit* at "thrown away," and Livia's after "Thou shalt see," (two lines above.) This is more in the true spirit of tragedy (as I conceive it); in which any sarcasm, that shall excite even a smile in the audience, is misplaced.

24.—P. 135. *Whose tutelar-gods thy mother's girlhood knew*—] This line may be omitted; and so, which is the original conception, it better suits the rapidity of *Icilius*' present manner. "Await with him thy sire," may read, "Await thy troubled sire."

Otherwise again, the whole passage may read thus:

> And the black gore drip downwards! — No more sorrow!
> Come, my Virginia, let us seek the hall.
> There, by thy uncle's tutelar gods, with him
> Await thy father, while Icilius goes
> To stir Rome's ashes. — Why this sudden change?
> Have the gods heard our anguish? Let the shadow
> Now passing from my heart be better augury,
> And thy own grim forebodings pass away
> Like the night's dreams.

25.—P. 136. Draws his hood, *etc.*] That is, of the *penula* or traveling-cloak. This was a thick, rough, or even shaggy, woolen outer-garment or surtout, used as a protection against the weather. Hence often worn in the theatres, like the *lacerna;* especially in winter. We read of it most frequently as a defence against rain. The pompous lines of Juvenal to that import (I. v. 79.) will readily be remembered:

> —— "fremeret sæva cum grandine vernus
> Jupiter, et multo stillaret pœnula nimbo:"

as also the witticism of Galba, when asked to lend his cloak of that description: "Non pluit, non est opus tibi; si pluit, ipse utor."*

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* See Oct. Ferrar. *De Re*, etc. Pars II. Lib. II., which is devoted to the subject. (p. 823 sqq. Graev. *Thes.* VI.)

Penula. "Hæc ex lana alba, aut ex gausape fuit confecta, pluviæ atque

26.—P. 139. *The third day after that is long enough!*] This verse may be omitted.

27.—P. 142. —— *were alone Icilius' only sorrow* :] "Icilius' heavy sorrow"—if it be wished to avoid the *apparent* tautology,—for such it is only at first sight: but the original reading, which is that of the text, is far preferable in every respect; and it alone expresses my meaning.

28.—P. 142. —— *that they love their wives.*] —"that they love their homes [*or*, hearths.]" For the Stage, perhaps; as the mass of an audience catches instantly and eagerly at the faintest shadow of the comic, (which, by the way, is, in acting, the saving grace of many a bad tragedy;) and, as I said before, the least pleasantry I deem to be out of place *here*.

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itineris caussa, non togæ, ut lacernæ, sed tunicæ superimposita." Car. Sigon. De Judiciis, III, 18.—p. 819 *Græv.* vol. cit.

Pænula—"habitus hibernus ac viatorius, et ad propulsandos imbres, ceterasque asperioris cœli injurias, peridoneus. Fiebant autem pænulæ ex crassiori lana, non ex tenuiori prolixiorique ut togæ." Jo. Bapt. Donii *Diss. de Utraq. Pænula ;* in *Græv.* vol. cit. p. 1151.

"Erat et alia pænula, capitio adjecto, de qua Plinius l. xxiv., ubi pænularum capitibus centunculum comparat: *Itali*, inquit, *centunculum vocant, rostratis foliis, ad similitudinem capitis pænularum, jacentem in arvis.* Bart. Bartholin. *de Pænula.*—p. 1172. *Græv.* etc.

... "Strictior est et ejus ora quæ collum ambit, tam laxe tamen patens ut caput exeri possit, operiri aut involvi. Unde Pomponius in Penicea: *Pænulam in caput induce, ne te noscat:*" (which is precisely the act of *Virginius*).— *Id., ib.* p. 1172. ... "Pars ventrem spectans aperta est, alioquin vestimentum clausum et rotundum esset." *Ib.* He adds a descriptive figure.

"La penula era un mantello di grossa lana adorno di frangie, aperto solamente nella parte superiore per farvi passare la testa. Quello de' soldati avea il color rosso, quello de' cittadini bruno. Di dietro eravi un cappuccio, col quale coprivano il capo ne' tempi piovosi." Levati, *ubi cit.*

29.—P. 142. *I seek to restore the tribunes. Appius said it.*]
This variety in the rythm is used to give a sudden and brief rapidity to the enunciation. If the Actor prefer, it may be redd: "I would restore the tribunes," *etc.*

30.—P. 142. *Alas for me! their power suspended trials.*] Or; "Tribunes! Alas! their power could put off trials."

31.—P. 149. *—'t would cost me merely life.*] Or, with an allusion to *Virginia*, "but *my* life." And for the last words of *Valerius*, to which *Icilius* makes reply, may be redd:

—— "to keep back Spurius Oppius.
Courage, Icilius! when the sun goes down,
Rome will be free:"

which pre-indicates the time of the catastrophe.

32.—P. 150. *— that shall make thee his, Renders thy sire the proudest in all Rome.*] ——"that confirms thee his, Will make thy sire, *etc.*"

33.—P. 151. *All other shrines, were not her temple here?*] "All other homes, were not her mansion here?"

34.—P. 152. *Justice no more shall lend her snow-white pall To hood Oppression* ——] The dress of the Roman women consisted of the stole (*stola*), a sleeved garment, which corresponded to the tunic of the men, but descended to the feet,* and the "pall" (*palla*), which was the Pallium of the Greeks, and, worn over the stole, as a mantle, corresponded to the toga of the men. Of its shape there is dispute, as in

* "La tunica lunga con lunghe maniche, come vedesi nella figlia di Niobe, è quella precisamente che i romani poi chiamarono *stola*." Cicogn. *Storia della Scult.* I. c. 5.—p. 77 t. i.

regard to the form of the toga. Winkelmann supposes it to have been round, and Ferrari to have been semicircular; but Cicognara maintains that it was in cut a parallelogram.* That it was, or may have been, rectangular, any artist may ascertain for himself by trying a sheet, or better a light blanket, which will enable him to imitate easily the modes of wearing this dress as it is seen in statues. With a very natural action the pall was frequently drawn over the head, sometimes merely to the forehead, sometimes so as to conceal the features (as with *Virginia* in the entry to Act v. Sc. 3), whence the expression in the text; which however may be redd from the Stage:

> "Justice no more shall lend her snow-white robe
> To hood Oppression."

There is a fine line of Horace (*Serm.* I. ii. 99) which describes with a single touch both the stole and pall:

> "*Ad talos* stola *demissa*, et *circumdata* palla."

The toga was worn by women only under disreputable circumstances, of which the Satire cited furnishes more than one illustration.

On the color of the *stola*, see the note of Baxter and Zeunius on the 36th verse of the same Satire, (p. 299, ed. Lond. in 8°, 1809.) It cannot be doubted that it varied at different times, and not only according to the rank but to the age of the wearer. A maiden of Virginia's youth, of the more respectable class of the plebeians, would hardly wear anything but white. See note 10, p. 106, *Tav.* xx. *Antichità di Ercolano.* (fol. 1757.)

Finally, on the Palla, consult Octav. Ferrar.: *Analecta de R. V.* c. 26.—p. 1103 sq. in *Græv.* vol. cit.

35.—P. 152. *And Publius' own are fulgent with new hope.*] "And Publius' quiet mien is full of hope."

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* *Storia*, cc. *ubi supra.*, p. 79, 80.

b.—P. 160. — in a mourning-cloak —] The *Pallium* (*palla*, "pall") described in note 34.

36.—P. 161. *But, being taught in time Her falsehood with, etc.*]

> "But, when certain proofs
> Taught me to know her falsehood with that man,
> Yon Claudius, plaintiff here, I flung her off,
> As I would fling a viper, (see! she trembles!)
> Never having, *etc.*"

And above, for *brought from taken Antium*, "taken in the Volscian war."

37.—P. 164. —*and honor now But little known, man trusts man's word no more*—] Or, —"man plights his word no more:" which is more accurate in construction, though less tragic (stern and nervous) in sound.

38.—P. 166. —*Wherefore Wear ye else hidden arms?*] "Else, Why wear ye hidden arms?"

39.—P. 167. —*Such the law Of great Valerius makes deserving death.*]

> "And therefor
> May by the great Valerius' law be slain
> By any hand; law natural and just."

But the text has the advantage of brevity.— For *makes* in the text, may be redd "made." But it is less forcible.

40.—P. 167. *There sits your Tarquin*—— App. *But thou stand'st not Brutus.*] Perhaps this play on the word, though bitter and stern on the part of the speaker, might cause a smile in some of the audience. It may read then: "But thou art not [*or*, art no] Brutus."

41.—P. 169. *Virginius then had no part in the cheat! Marcus and Livia*, etc. App. *But little*, etc.] The first line may be omitted; which restores the part to its original conception. And again, for the Stage, all three of the verses may be thrown out, as impeding the action.

42.—P. 171. *Weeps? For ye will not*, etc.] It may be pointed, "Weeps;"—which allows the actor to give another tone to the expression. I think the reading of the text better suits the character, although the energy, and fierceness even, of the exclamation, make the difference scarcely important.

43.—P. 171. *A fiction. Appius stoops not to say more.*] From here to *Lictors, make room*— to be omitted on the Stage.

44.—P. 175. —— *Lucius—my beloved— Receive—my last breath. Father, I—die—pure.*] *Virginia's* dying words might read thus:

"Lucius—my beloved!—
T was at thy hand —— But it is fitter thus.
Receive, etc."

But *Icilius* is made to express himself too nearly in the same manner with regard to Appius: *'T is better thus.*

ADDITION TO NOTE 4, ON THE FORM OF THE TOGA.

P. 181.—I should have added here an undernote to this effect:—

Any rectangular piece of cloth may form a square, a circular, or a semicircular cloak, according to its amplitude, on which depends the number of its gathers at the shoulders. The Spanish mantle owes its curve to this arrangement and nothing else. Take out the plaits and it is quadrilateral. It would follow then, that, could we suppose the same condition obtained with the *toga*, that is, that it was gathered at the shoulders, the curvilinear sweep of the bottom edge would be the result, not of its cut, but of its disposition. But if cut, or more probably woven, not drawn into shape, it must have made not the half of a circle but a narrower segment; for thus only could its widest part equal a third of its diameter. A cloth so fashioned I have essayed on a layfigure, and found it easy therewith to imitate the drapery of the *Augustus*. The right side envelops twice the form, passing in the first involution *under* the right arm, and finally over it at the shoulder: a hint that may be of service to the artist, as well as to the actor. The effect was superb.

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